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ODD ENOUGH, TO BE SURE!

OR,

EMILIUS IN THE WORLD.

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

FROM THE GERMAN OF
AUGUSTUS LA FONTAINE.

Lo! fairer order rises from thy plan,
Befriending virtue, and adorning man!

BOWLES.

VOL. II.

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ODD ENOUGH, TO BE SURE!

CHAP. I.

HOW COULD SHE HELP IT?

MR. BURCKARD was, indeed, arrived, and, what is more astonishing, Rose herself had accompanied him to Cassel. Without using any great solicitations, he had had the address to awaken all her tenderness for Lewis, by continually mentioning the grief which the young

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man felt at the absence of his love, and the impossibility there appeared to be of their ever coming to a reconciliation.

When she came back from Brunswick, and went to see Mr. Burckard, she tenderly embraced Mary. This interesting young woman entreated her, in the most affecting manner, not to cause the misfortune of the whole family. The mother, the grandmother, and Mrs. Seeburg, united their efforts, and, at last, succeeded in shaking her resolution. Thus then, Rose, pressed on all sides, and more than all, tormented by her own heart, was, at length, constrained to recall Lewis from his exile.

As yet, she had not said any thing; but she no longer objected to the representations that were made to her; the

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the families, therefore, had every reason to hope that she would shortly comply with their wishes.

It was Mr. Burckard that brought the business nearest to a conclusion. After a full hour's conversation with her, in which Lewis was the only subject introduced, seeing that she was strongly affected by his expressions, "Now, Rose," said he, "do one thing; I am going to Cassel; come with me." Rose instantly got up, and exclaimed, with that infantine naïveté which was her principal character, and which had been momentarily eclipsed by gloomy jealousy: "Yes, yes, I'll go with you; I owe this step to Lewis's constancy; I am convinced of it, notwithstanding Yes, I will go with you."

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Mr. Burckard made his preparations, with his accustomed celerity, and immediately ordered his carriage to be got ready. " Whither are you going ? " enquired the aunt. " To Cassel, if you give me leave," answered Rose. This change was so abrupt and unexpected, that Mrs. Seeburg, and, indeed every one in the house, did not know what to think of it.

During the journey, Rose gave way to a train of reflections, and considered within herself whether the step she was now taking was not rather beyond the bounds of prudence and female modesty. Amidst these irresolutions, they alighted at the house of Mr. Selters. The lovely daughter of Dr. Kellner felt her respiration quicken ; a deep crimson coloured her cheeks. " Ah ! Mr. Burckard,"
said

said she, "did you but know Believe me, I do more than I ought *he* ought to have been the first"

"My dear Rose," answered Burckard, "you may behave a little cool to my son, if you choose; show him some resentment, I have no objection; but do not; I beseech you, raise fresh obstacles to a reconciliation." Rose returned thanks to Heaven, when she heard that Lewis was not at home. In those painful and difficult circumstances of life, when our hearts are devoured by the uncertainty of future events, we love, by a singular contradiction, to see the moment that is to decide our fate still removed to a distance. Thus it was that Rose was pleased to find that there would be a delay to an interview,

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which, however, was become unavoidable by her arrival at Cassel.

Every time the door opened, she felt her heart painfully oppressed; then afterwards, these words would involuntarily escape her lips: "He is not coming! it is not Lewis! Ten o'clock! Eleven! Where can he be then?"

"I am very much surprized," said Mr. Selters; "he has not slept from home yet." The clock struck twelve, and the travellers were so fatigued, that they were obliged to go to bed. Rose could not close her eyes; her agitation was extreme; she was all in a perspiration. She listened attentively to the least noise, and afterwards found, to her great regret, that it was nothing.

At last, a knock was heard at the door;

door; Rose got up; she listened; it was the messenger sent by the justice. She heard that a young man, who had been arrested, claimed acquaintance with Mr. Selters. "Good God!" exclaimed the latter, "it must be young Mr. Burckard." He hastily dressed himself and went out.

Had Rose dared to venture, she would have followed him to the magistrate's. She, however, put on a slight dress, sat herself down in the anti-room, and watched the return of Mr. Selters. She waited a long time; at last, she heard them coming in. Mr. Selters had already made up his mind, and was firmly determined, although silence was extremely opposite to his nature, to keep the arrival of Mr. Burckard and Rose a secret till the next morning. But, to make

amends, he resolved to satisfy his curiosity, which had been awakened by all that had passed.

When Lewis was come near his apartment, he bade Mr. Selters good night, and wanted to retire ; but he was stopped—" A word with you, my dear Mr. Burckard, before we part."

Rose approached the door, and listened with greater attention.—" You have been in counsellor Reiss' house then, to-night ?"—" Yes"—" And in that pretty damsel's room ?"—" Certainly."—" Had you, by chance, something in your eye again ?"—" No,"—" Then you meant to spend the whole night there ?"—" Yes."—" How did you get there ?"—" I introduced myself secretly."—" You must have been very much frightened, when the counsellor

sellor disturbed your conversation?"—

"Exactly so."—"But how came you to have that lady's cap on?"—"The young person had put it on my head, that I might make my escape in disguise."—"I suppose you were in bed, as the lady was entirely dressed; the counsellor told me so, and that she had not even a handkerchief on her neck."

—"Very true."—"You made so much noise, that you woke the counsellor's brother by your laughing...."

"Oh! my dear sir," interrupted Lewis, "I am extremely fatigued...."

—"A-propos, don't you think this will be looked upon as a love-intrigue? With all your talking, you cannot deceive us this time."—"I do not mean to deceive you.... farewell, good night!"—"Stay a moment; who is

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that Louisa, then?"—"A young and pretty woman."

"And you pay her some nocturnal visits likewise?"—"O I

was there till twelve o'clock to-night."

"Last night, you mean?"—"Yes;

and then, I went to Henrietta's."

"And, pray, what will become of that

Louisa?"—"We shall see to-morrow."

"I wish you joy of your fine acquaintances. A young girl, half naked,

in whose chamber you spend the night!

a woman, whom justice pursues! But

where have you been yesterday?"—"

Four miles from town, at Mr. Stralo's."

"Sir, I wish you a very good night."

"I have but one word more. Is it not

about a lady?"—"Yes, sir."

"But I never knew any thing of all this, ex-

cept that evening when I met you

that singular posture, with a young lady

in

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in the street. Indeed, Mr. Burckard,
I sincerely regret that you should be
guilty of such things."

"Good-night, sir," exclaimed Lewis;
and, this time, Mr. Selters could not
detain him. He was scarcely gone,
when his father, awakened by the noise,
got up, and came into the room.

"Well, Mr. Selters," said he, "I hope
nothing has happened to my son?"

"No, nothing, very fortunately,"
answered Mr. Selters, laughing; "Mr.
Lewis has only been caught in Madame
Reiss' fille-de-chambre's bed-room."

"How? my son . . . ! Oh! you are
laughing; it is not possible . . ."

"And why not? The girl is very
pretty, I assure you; and, besides, their
acquaintance has not begun to-day only.
It seems some equivocal discourses were

heard passing between them, which alarmed the master of the house; your son was taken for a thief, and he was led before the justice. If it were no more than a little love-intrigue, there would be no great harm; but along with this one, there are, at least, two more, to my knowledge; and, yesterday morning, he had already been taken up for just such another little trifle."

"How!" said Mr. Burckard, "can all this be true?"—"Why, my good friend, your son has confessed it himself in the affidavit."—"So then he has signed his own shame, in the face of justice? My dear Mr. Selters, I have a favour to ask you; I beg you will keep this a secret from the young lady who is with me."—"I give you my word, that she shall not know a word

word of it." They bade each other a good night, and retired.

The reader will please to recollect that Rose, who had been listening all the time, at the door of the chamber where the two conversations had been held, had not lost one syllable of either; and it will be easy to form an idea of the situation she was in, when she was convinced, by all these appearances, that Lewis was a fickle man, unworthy of the regard of any honest woman. How angry did she feel at her having given him the triumph of saying, that she was come to Cassel on purpose to fetch him! "Perfidious man!" cried she, beating her breast, "he is not worth one single tear; he does not deserve that I should care about him; I shall never be his wife."

She

She now began to consider what she was to do. She could not help seeing Lewis; there was no possibility of her going back, without speaking to him: on the other hand, she must be cautious not to break entirely with the father. She, therefore, determined not to let Lewis see how much she detested him, to behave to him with coldness and reserve, and to seize the first opportunity to free herself from his presence.

Rose entered so well into the spirit of the part she was to act, that nothing appeared to her so easy. The next day, she had the malice to dress herself in all her ornaments; she was beautiful as the youngest of the Graces, and the air of resentment, which was visible in her eyes, still added to her natural charms. At last, at nine o'clock, the
 2. 2. door

door opened, and Lewis was quite struck to find himself before Rose. He blushed; she trembled; he ran to her—"Ah! Rose," he exclaimed, "is it you I see, after so long an absence?" Rose, at first, felt unable to articulate a word, and was obliged to use all her efforts to stammer a reply. "You are become so very scarce," said she, with pointed irony, "that one must undertake journeys to see you." But the tone of her voice so ill accorded with her words, that the spectators could not help pitying her situation. Mr. Burckard had certainly expected a little storming between the two lovers, but had no idea of miss Kellner's resentment being so very great. Lewis took Rose's hand, and said, "What! Rose, do you come hither still to torment me?"

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me?"—"To torment you, sir! No; I hope" A sigh stopped her utterance; she had not power to conclude her sentence. Lewis let her hand fall; his forehead began to wrinkle, he looked at his father, who stood by him, and pressed him in his arms.

"Is your name Rose?" asked Minnette (Mr. Selters' daughter) "then it was about you that Mr. Burckard was like to have been beat by the chess-players."

She immediately gave an account of Lewis' affray at the coffee-house. Rose answered that Mr. Burckard was frequently guilty of those absences. "I have been brought up with him," said she; "we have always been together from our earliest infancy, and this is

the reason of that familiarity with which he honours me."

Lewis was nearly out of his senses ; he spoke like a man that did not know what the conversation was about. He seized the first opportunity that offered to take his father into the next room ; but Rose's behaviour was as much an enigma to Mr. Burckard, as it was to his son. " Upon my word," said he, " this is very like coquetry. I do not wish to tyrannize over thee, Lewis ; do what you like ; but take care of Rose."

He afterwards questioned him about the adventures of the night and the preceding day, and Lewis answered with simplicity and frankness. The old man embraced him with the transports of paternal effusion. This conversation recalled

called to the memory of Lewis *his sister*, poor Henrietta, and he went out, to inquire what was become of her. When Mr. Burckard re-entered the apartment, they asked him where his son was? "He is gone," said he, "to counsellor Reiss'." Rose's spite was now at its height, and she immediately retired to her chamber.

CHAP. II.

MORE SUBJECTS OF JEALOUSY.

LEWIS was an hour absent. He had related to madame Reiss the whole of his adventure with Henrietta. The two culprits were confronted, and that lady,

lady, far from being angry at her fille-de-chambre, took, on the contrary, the part of Louisa, and it was agreed that Lewis should accompany that unfortunate woman to the minister's.

During the whole dinner, Rose behaved with uncommon coolness to her lover. Lewis did not mention to her, any thing of what he had done. When the cloth was removed, they were left by themselves.

"Rose," said Lewis, with his accustomed tenderness

"Mr. Burkard," she hastily interrupted, "you are always calling me Rose; do you not perceive that it is not proper?"—"How? not proper?"—"You may possibly think otherwise; but, for my sake, I beg you will call me as other people do."

Lewis

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Lewis sorrowfully shook his head.
“What have I done?” answered he;
“but, good God! is it necessary that
we should hate each other, in order to
behave civilly?”

At that moment, Minette entered the
room. “Mr. Burckard,” said she,
“miss Rose and I have determined
that you shall accompany us this after-
noon. We want to go and see all the
curiosities of Cassel; and, in the even-
ing, we go to the play.” Rose smiled.
Lewis answered; “Unfortunately, it
is impossible to-day, I must be with
the minister precisely at four; God
knows how sorry I am that I am not
able to enjoy the pleasure of your com-
pany.” Rose dropped a courtesy. “Mr.
Burckard,” said she, “business must
be minded first; we shall go alone.”

The

The two ladies went out dancing, and left Lewis almost petrified. "Good Heavens!" he exclaimed, "can such indifference be possible?"

However, he was obliged to go; Louisa was waiting for him. Madame Reiss had had the goodness to lend her a dress that was fitted to her size. Young Burckard gave her his arm, and they passed through the prince's garden. He now desired she would rest herself a little while, and they both sat down. He comforted her, and told her to answer, without any confusion, every question of the minister. "Your happiness," said he, "is nearer at hand than you think," and as he said this, he pressed her hand, called her his dear Louisa, and spoke with the feelings of a man, who having been unhappy himself

self, is more disposed to pity the misfortunes of others.

Rose and Minette were but a few yards distance from the place where Lewis and Louisa sat. The resentment which this sight operated in Rose may easily be imagined. "This is too much," said Minette, "he has deceived us with his minister; and a pretty minister it is, upon my word!" Louisa turned her head, and Rose, to her great mortification, was also forced to confess that the pretended minister had a beautiful face. But this was not all; she could hear but little of their conversation; but the demon of jealousy made it his business to bring to her ear these words, in preference to others: "My dear, beautiful, interesting Louisa."—
 "Stung to the quick, she was on the point

point of discovering herself; her fan, however, was the only unhappy object on which she wreaked her vengeance; she broke it to pieces, by dint of violent opening and shutting.

• Minette was not less devoured by the spirit of curiosity than Rose by that of jealousy. They saw the interesting couple rise and depart. Rose instantly began depreciating the beauty of Louisa.

If Minette praised any of her features, any of her charms, Rose would contradict the assertion, or find out some defect that eclipsed every other perfection.

Lewis and Louisa arrived at the minister's palace. "My lord," said Burckard, "this is the unfortunate being I mentioned to you. She will herself convince your lordship of the justice of her cause."

Louisa

Louisa could make use of no other language than that of her tears, but it was eloquent. The minister bade her take courage; but his lady, who had wished to be present at the interview, succeeded much better, by her gracious marks of friendship and real concern. Young Burckard undertook to defend her, with that eloquence, that unalterable language of truth, which would have been sufficient to persuade the minister, had he not been convinced beforehand. But he had obtained every possible information respecting Louisa, and they had all been unanimous in her favour. He had learnt that she wanted nothing to make her worthy of young Stralo, but ancestors and the gifts of fortune. "Your husband," said the minister, with the greatest affability, "has

“ has committed a fault; you also have, committed one. A marriage contracted, without a father's consent, is re-
proved by the laws; but you appear to me to have been sufficiently punished. I hope, therefore, I shall be able to restore to you a husband, whom prejudice, perhaps too rigorous, has torn from your arms. Make yourself easy, madam, and, to-morrow, come to me, with your child; with your child, I say, you will please to recollect that; I shall order my carriage to go and fetch you. And you, young man, shall accompany that lady, who is deserving of a better fate.”

Lewis gave her direction. Louisa wanted to throw herself at the feet of the minister, but this respectable magistrate prevented her, and affectionately

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embracing her, said, "Do not forget to bring your child with you; you will find some company here."

"Company! my lord," exclaimed Louisa; "please to consider"
—"The only thing I require of you, madam, is to let me do as I please. Now you may go, I have some business to attend to; to-morrow we shall say something more." They took their leave, both equally affected by his uncommon beneficence.

Lewis had no sooner re-conducted Louisa to madame Reiss', and given a kiss to Henrietta, *en passant*, than he flew down the stairs, and ran to the playhouse, where he thought he should find Rose—she was not there. He entered every box, but in vain, and came home, at nine o'clock, quite-chagrined.

"Where

"Where have you been all day?" asked Mr. Burkard, who had wondered at his absence, and had observed the displeasure of Rose. "At the play," answered he, in a mournful tone. "The minister is a very fine man," said Minette, laughing. "Your pretence was very well grounded, indeed! And you have been at the play? without mentioning any thing else? But this is one of your absences, I suppose; you had forgot the minister."

Lewis made no reply; his eyes were rivetted upon Rose, who sat pouting in one corner of the room, without looking at him. "Well!" continued Minette, "shall you go to the minister's again to-morrow?"—"Yes, to-morrow, at twelve o'clock; but, at five, I shall be my own master!"—"Well, the

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minister must be very fond of you, Mr. Burckard, since he disguises himself as a lady, in order to”

“Fie!” cried Rose, “that is going too far, to turn his excellency into ridicule.” The young ladies burst out a laughing; and Lewis, who had no idea of what they meant by the minister, could not understand a word of their discourse. Mr. Burckard asked the cause of that noisy laughter, and his son’s confusion; the ladies made no answer, and went both out of the room. Lewis did not attempt to follow them, but staid with his father, to whom he related the story of Louisa. Afterwards, he complained about Rose, whose conduct was inexplicable.

“If she were but merely displeased,” said the father, “there would still be some

some hopes; but she seems to make a jest of you. Indeed, she is totally altered since her journey to Brunswick." Our hero answered only by his sighs. "The day after to-morrow," replied Mr. Burckard, "I shall return to Ellberg, and, when I am alone with Rose, I shall very easily know the truth. Mean time, I would have you be upon your guard."

Lewis sighed still more deeply; for he heard in the house the voice of Rose, who was playing and romping with Minette. Soon after, the father and son retired to their apartments.

On entering his room, Lewis threw himself into an arm-chair, where he remained some time absorbed in the most melancholy reflections. On a sudden, a thought struck him, which rous-

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ed him from his apathy. "By Heavens!" cried he, "I'll cut the matter short, I will have all this cleared up at once," and, with firm steps, he came out, to go to Rose's chamber. When he had reached the door, he opened it very gently, and entered the apartment. "She sleeps," said he, "and I I cannot enjoy a moment's rest. But how her head lies hid under the clothes! one would think she dreams about flying from me." He took up her hand—she started up. "Fear not," said he, "my dear love; hear me, I beseech you—Oh! hear me. You know with what respect, what timidity I adore you. . . ."

Thus saying, he pressed her in his arms; but a piercing shriek, and what was still worse, from a person not Rose, struck him with terror. "Hush! hush!"

hush!" cried he, putting his hand on the woman's mouth, to keep her silent, "I have made a mistake." But the more he entreated, the more violent were her cries, and, in a few moments, the room was filled with the other inhabitants of the house, who saw, with the greatest surprise, Lewis endeavouring to disengage himself from Mrs. Selter's *fille-de-chambre*. Lewis stood speechless, and staring with his mouth open. "What are those screams for?" drily interrogated Mr. Selters. "My God!" answered she, crying, "Mr. Burckard is come to me, while I was in bed, and wanted to kiss me by force!" "Zounds!" cried Mr. Selters, "you are terribly fond of *filles-de-chambre*!"

"Oh! sir," answered Lewis, covered with confusion, "I assure you it is nothing

nothing but an unfortunate mistake."—

"Well, but those mistakes recur pretty frequently, in my opinion."——"Is not this miss Kellner's bed-chamber?"

—"Oh! oh! I understand you, Mr. Burckard; this screaming lady ought to have asked you at first where you intended to go to."

Rose coloured up to her very eyes.

"I beg pardon, Mr. Selters," said she,

"do not believe his visit was meant to me. Mr. Burckard knows perfectly well that this is not my chamber; I myself told him that I should go and sleep with your daughter." Thus saying, she fixed her looks upon Lewis. The young man saw that his imprudence might raise suspicions; and, although Rose had never mentioned to him the place where she was going to sleep:

sleep: "I knew very well," said he, "that this was not miss Rose's room."—"But where did you mean to go to then?" asked Mr. Selters; "for you must have had some motive."—"I was taking a walk."—"Oh! oh! you are a night-walker. Upon my honour, you are a very singular young man. That fool says that you wanted to kiss her."

"Yes, indeed," cried the fille-de-chambre; "he was calling me his love, and has given me a kiss, in spite of me." "Well, to be sure," said Mr. Selters, "that is a curious walk." Lewis was staring wildly about, without knowing what to say

Every body laughed; Mr. Selters took the arm of his wife, and the company dispersed. Lewis remained last, and sat down upon a chair. The fille-

de-chambre, not seeing him go out, renewed her screams. Lewis got up, and, in two strides, found himself in his own room.

CHAP. III.

THE RECONCILIATION.

WHATEVER gratitude Rose owed to the generous lie told by Lewis, yet that softer sentiment was superseded by the resentment and rage which she could not but feel at the pretended infidelity of her lover.

The next morning, she got up, with the firm determination of treating Lewis with the same indifference as the preceding day. She proposed to Minette
to

to go and take a walk together. Lewis wished to have a tête-à-tête with her; but she was gone out early; he could not see her.

At about twelve o'clock, he went to Louisa's, whom he found already dressed. They immediately set off, with the child, according to the minister's orders, although they could not divine what his intention was. When they came to the palace, they were introduced into a small apartment, where they saw a table with two covers. My lady came in; "You shall dine with me," said she to Louisa, "and you, Mr. Burckard, you go with my husband." She led him, through several apartments, to the drawing-room, where he found the minister, with some few persons, among whom he immediately

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knew Mr. Stralo. The minister took Lewis by the hand, and presented him to the company. "Here is a young man," said he, "whose friend I am."

Mr. Stralo coloured. Dinner was soon served up, and the conversation became general. Lewis perceived that young Stralo made one of the party, and even sat by him. A deep melancholy was visible on the young man's countenance.

After dinner, the company dispersed in the different apartments. The minister and old Mr. Stralo were left alone; a look from the former also detained young Burckard.

"Sir," said the minister, assuming an air of dignity, "however painful it may prove to my feelings to bring an honest man into trouble; nevertheless, I

find

find myself forced to make use of my authority. You are implicated in an affair which is far from being honourable. You have obtained from my predecessor a warrant against a young person honest and virtuous, upon a false representation of facts. You have abused your paternal authority, against your own son, whom you have detained prisoner. I could wish to arrange this business amicably; I could wish to find you act with justice. Here, sir, is the paper you have written, which contains a calumnious accusation against the wife of your son. I am persuaded you cannot prove one single fact. Besides, I am fully acquainted with every particular. Do not seek to exculpate yourself, by saying that you did not know them; that anger has directed

your

your pen. Confess the truth with candour."

Mr. Stralo was petrified: he stammered an answer. "My lord," said he, "the just resentment I felt will plead as an excuse for the kind of exaggeration which I have made use of."—

When a man intends to claim the protection of the prince and of the laws, his anger cannot by any means be given as an excuse for falsities of this kind. You ask indulgence for the errors into which you have been drawn by your passion; and you, Mr. Stralo, feel no indulgence for your son's passion, for a passion, which the laws of nature and humanity have approved, which youth excuses, which the beauty and excellent qualities of her who is the object of it justify. Even the laws of

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the country are not entirely on your side. You have given them a latitude, which would make them barbarous: you have deprived your son of his liberty; for a whole year, you have plunged a young person into the most horrid misery. The husband has been torn from his wife, and the child from its father; and for what? Because that woman possesses not an advantage for which we are indebted only to chance. She has, however, found friends, by whose means her misfortunes have been made known to the prince. Do you wish the affair to be investigated? Think of the memorial you have drawn up."

"I do not think," replied Mr. Stralo, "that I can be forced to form a connexion beneath me, with a person of such

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such low extraction."—"No, not yourself; but your son will certainly be left at liberty to dispose of his hand, as his own heart directs. He is your son, but not your slave. In your memorial, you have blackened his wife's reputation; you have most falsely calumniated her conduct. Louisa is a very respectable lady, with whom I have the honour to be acquainted. Make your own reflections. We will now go into another apartment, my lady is waiting."

They went out, and, followed by some persons who were in the next apartment, they proceeded to my lady's drawing-room. Louisa became as pale as death, when she saw her persecutor; and her confusion would have been still greater, had not her ladyship kept up
her

her spirits. The minister approached the wife of Felix — “This,” said he, “is a friend of mine. I am obliged to you, madam, for your complaisance in keeping my lady company.”

Mr. Stralo bowed to the ladies, as did the other gentlemen. “Well! sir,” said her ladyship, addressing Mr. Stralo, “what has my friend done to you? will you not be reconciled to her?”

Mr. Stralo knew not what to think of this question. He looked more attentively at Louisa, and recollected her. His confusion was at its height. The minister drew the memorial from his pocket. “Well, sir,” he asked, “shall I destroy this paper? shall I consign to oblivion this monument of an unjust passion?” Mr. Stralo made no answer. Her ladyship took Louisa’s child in her arms,

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arms, and presented it to him. "Here, sir," said she, "is your grandson."—Louisa approached, trembling. "Come, my daughter," said the minister, respectfully embracing her, and conducting her to her father-in-law, who, after some hesitation, stretched out his hand, with a surly air. "My lord," said he, "she is your daughter; let her also be mine."

The wife of Felix raised her father-in-law's hand to her lips, and bathed it with tears. Lewis, who witnessed this scene, went in a transport of joy, to fetch Felix in the adjoining room, took him by the hand, and brought him to his wife. As soon as Louisa saw him, she gave a piercing shriek, and fell senseless into his arms!

As soon as she recovered, "I obey
my

my lord's orders," said Mr. Stralo, and he joined the hands of Felix and Louisa. Young Stralo approached the minister. "Generous man," said he, "what shall I say to express my gratitude?"—"Nothing to me; but if you have any thanks to return, it is to that young man," showing Lewis, "they are to be addressed. It was he discovered Louisa's retreat; and administered every consolation; I am merely the instrument by which your happiness has been made complete."

"Yes, dear husband," said Louisa, "it is this generous youth that has saved me from the last stage of misery."—

"And as for me," said the old man, "he has, in my own house, given me the most judicious counsels." The whole company joined in their congratulations

lations to the happy couple. Lewis embraced them, and afterwards kissed the hand of the minister, his eyes full of tears of sensibility. "At last," cried he, "I have found a grandee who is a man. His heart is open to friendship and nature.... After imparting happiness to others, I may now go and think of my own."

He bowed to the company, and flew to Mr. Selter's, in order to see Rose; for it was five o'clock. Minette put into his hands a letter sealed. He opened it trembling, and shuddered when he saw it was his father's hand-writing.

"My son," said the old man, "I have spoken to Rose, in your behalf; it is all over between you both; I take her back to Brunswick. Weep, but be a man.... I wish to see you at

Ellberg.

“ Ellberg. Rose desires me to bid
 “ you farewell. Prove that you have
 “ a soul. Come back immediately
 “ to me.”

CHAP. IV.

DESPAIR.

WE will now inform the reader of what passed between Mr. Burckard and miss Kellner. — After dinner, he found her bathed in tears. “ Rose,” said he, “ this is not well of you. Be candid with me. If, at this moment, Lewis were to propose to you to lead you to the altar, would you have him for your husband ? ” — “ No. ” — “ Would you have him a year hence ? ” — “ No ;
 7 never.”

never."—"Have you considered well what you are saying?"—"I have, Mr. Burckard."—"But, my dear girl, for God's sake tell me your motives."—"I cannot; but they are very strong.... I never shall be his wife."—"You are quite in earnest then?"—"Yes, sir; I would sooner prefer death...."—
 "Well, go to the devil then. I am going to write to Lewis, and tell him your last word."

He sat down, and began his letter. Rose joined her hands, and sobbed, as if it had been her sentence of death.—
 "Ah!" said she, "bid him farewell, it will be for the last time."—"Hear me, my dearest girl," said Mr. Burckard quite softened, "indeed, you make him miserable, and yourself equally so. What

is the use of all those grimaces? Will you return to Brunswick or not?"

"Oh! detested Brunswick!" muttered Rose; "it is there every thing began...."—"What? what is it that began?"—"What I cannot tell you."—"Well, then, we must go to Brunswick; for, at Ellberg, you would still torment each other...."

Rose fetched a deep sigh.—"But, Rose, my dear," added Mr. Burckard, "suppose they were to make another proposal to you, promise that you will consider of it; I only ask a week." Rose promised. Mr. Burckard took leave of the family, got into his carriage, and drove off. They had left Cassel a full hour, when Lewis received the fatal letter.

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"What

"What is the matter, then, Mr. Burckard?" asked Mr. Selters.—"Nothing, sir."—"Was miss Kellner your mistress?"—"Yes, sir."—"And you have quarrelled?"—"Yes."—"And is there no prospect of being reconciled?"—"No."—"Try."—"It is impossible."—"You love her then?"—"If I love her!...."

For three days, Lewis was inconsolable. Hentietta, with all her gaiety, was not able to produce a smile upon his lips. At length, he again read his father's note. "'Tis all over," said he, "I must go back to Ellberg. Be a man, writes the best of fathers.... Oh! yes, I *will* be a man...." He went to take his leave from Hentietta, who wept, as she embraced him for the last time.

time. He afterwards bid adieu to Mr. Selters and his family, mounted his horse, and took the road to Ellberg.

He soon found himself in the bosom of his family. "Well, my son," said Mr. Burckard, "are you a man?"—"Yes, father, I am learning how to suffer."—"Then you are learning the most useful of all virtues."

The grandmother poured the most violent reproaches against Rose; Mrs. Seeburg did the same. Lewis' tender mother could not help expressing her resentment against that young capricious girl, when she saw her son, sad, melancholy, and with folded arms, walking silently in the midst of the snow, with which the earth was covered by winter, frequently looking at the window, where Rose used to set down to

her work. He would then sorrowfully shake his head, go away with slow mournful steps, and return to his occupations, which were reading, writing, or hunting.

At last, no more mention was made of Rose.

"Thank God!" cried the grand-mamma, "the storm is over. Poor boy! I wish the little coquette were as much in love with him, as he has been with her."—"And so do I," answered Mr. Burckard; "she should then be my daughter. Lewis, it is true, does not speak about Rose; but her image is more deeply engraven in his heart than if she never had left us. I wish indeed she would alter her mind."

Mrs. Walkers considered love as many people do, who treat that passion
after

after the manner of romance writers; but it was a very great error. Lewis' love for Rose was as great as ever. Mr. Burckard found out an effectual way to divert him; it was to direct his attention to other objects. The village of which he was master was plunged in the most barbarous ignorance, and the farmers could hardly find, in their limited possessions, enough to support their precarious existence. He succeeded in a manner in civilizing them; established manufactories, and introduced new agricultural theories, more advantageous than the ancient ones. The schoolmaster was almost as ignorant as his scholars, whom he could teach nothing beyond A, B, C. Mr. Burckard would not deprive him of his employment; on the contrary, he melio-

rated his prospects, and gave him an assistant in the person of a young man of Ellberg, of the name of Muller, who undertook the education of the boys. That of the girls was intrusted to poor Mary, who having long been brought to bed, was not ashamed to fulfil the duties of a mother, without any hopes of becoming a wife ; for she had written a number of letters to Sellhoff, but never received an answer to any.

In short, Mr. Burckard, assisted by Lewis' useful views, had the happiness of finding himself at the head of a little colony.

Lewis seemed to have made a vow never to pronounce the name of Rose, but every surrounding object would continually recall her to his memory. By and by, weary of the silence that
was

was kept about her, he wished to hear something, to know whether she was still thinking of him. Alas! Rose's correspondence with her aunt was so rare, and her letters so short! And then, she never spoke of Lewis, so that he had not the courage to ask whether she had written or not. He would mostly content himself with looking at the directions of the letters. Sometimes he applied them to his lips, sometimes he put them into his pocket, because they had been in the pretty hands of Rose.

CHAP. V.

LOVE AND MADNESS.

ROSE, on her part, was far from being happy. At first, Mrs. Seeburg spoke frequently about Lewis, and reproached her for not answering that part of her letters in which his name was mentioned. Rose read those passages, with a heart swollen with grief; but they soon became more laconic, and less frequent; till, at last, they were entirely dropped. This silence did by no means accord with her wishes. The aunt, however, soon broke it, to relate an anecdote, in which she

was

was nearly concerned. A premium of virtue had been established in the village, and Lewis had adjudged it to a pretty country girl, of the name of Rose. Fortunately, he had not been the only judge ; for, his partiality for all the women that had the same name, might, perhaps, have determined his choice. Mrs. Seeburg informed her niece of all the attentions which young Burckard paid to that charming woman.

“ Unfortunate creature that I am !” exclaimed Rose. “ Perfidious man !” He has totally forgot me. See, if he even writes, if he comes to implore my pardon for his inconstancy.” The next day, she answered her aunt’s letter, and asked her, as if through a motive of curiosity, what was the age of the young girl who was called Rose, like herself.

herself. Mrs. Seeburg replied, that she was fourteen, and extremely pretty—the handsomest of the whole village.

To go to Ellberg ; to load her fickle lover with reproaches for his treachery ; to throw herself at his feet, and forgive him, in that humiliating attitude ; such were the plans, that, in an instant, entered her little head ; but were abandoned almost as soon as formed. Independent of the sentiment of self-love, there was also impropriety, nay even real impossibility in such a step. She therefore gave up the idea of addressing Lewis in person, but contented herself with writing to him. It is to be lamented that we have not the whole of her letter ; it was a confused, incoherent mixture of reproaches, prayers, curses, sarcasms, love and hatred. When
she

she had spent several hours in scrolling over five or six sheets of paper, she found herself dissatisfied with what she had done, tore it in pieces, broke her pen against the table, and knocked away the inkstand and every thing that was before her; then threw herself, without undressing, upon her bed, rang for the servants, and said she was sick to death. Suddenly, she got up again, gathered all the scattered pieces of her letter, put them into her pocket, and said she would go and take a turn in the garden.

“ Rose !” said miss Rehberg, her cousin, “ do you know what you are about ? It rains as fast as it can pour.” Rose began to weep like a child. They asked her what was the cause of her affliction, to which she answered that

her aunt Seeburg was ill, and she must absolutely go back to Ellberg; and then she thought she recollected a passage in her aunt's letter, which she had not read. She returned to her chamber, and again went over what she had read ten times before.

Miss Rehberg followed her, and told her she must be mad. Rose scolded, wept, and begged her cousin would forgive her; for she had a violent headache, and would go to bed. She put on her night-cap, undressed herself, and was in bed before her astonished cousin had time to speak a word.

When miss Rehberg was gone, Rose made an observation which had escaped her. Rose, Lewis' pretended mistress, was only fourteen. With the same quickness, miss Kellner again resumed
the

the clothes she had just taken off, and ran to her cousin. "Why, there she is," said Mrs. Rheberg. "Yes, mamma," answered the young lady; "I cannot conceive how it is; she was but this moment in bed." They enquired after her health; she said she was very well, and was tired of lying down.

Soon after, the conversation being engaged, Rose had the address to turn it upon marriage. "Aunt," said she, with some degree of timidity, "can a little girl be married, when she is only fourteen?"—"Why so?"—"Oh! I merely ask for the sake of asking."—"At that age, niece, a girl has more need of a doll than a husband."—"Well, but suppose the case was to happen?"—"No, she should at least be fifteen. But why do you ask that question?"

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question?" Rose made no answer; she again complained of having the head-ach, and retired, overjoyed, that young girls could not marry before they had completed their fifteenth year.

Mrs. Rheberg let her do as she pleased, and wrote to Mrs. Seeburg, about an affair, into the secret of which we are going to initiate the reader.



CHAP. VI.

A PROPOSAL.—TWO INNS AND BUT
ONE INN.

A VERY handsome young man, of the name of Lauter, had become acquainted with Rose at Mrs. Rehberg's; he loved and wished to marry her. His
love,

love, however, might more properly be termed an inclination than a violent passion, and therefore, counsellor Lauter first spoke to his mother, and asked her consent before he offered his hand to Rose. The mother wrote to Mrs. Rheberg, and begged, in case the proposal did not displease her, to come to the Pyrmont waters, where she then was with her son, that the young people might have an opportunity of forming a more intimate acquaintance; but, at the same time, requested she would not mention it to the young lady, that the trial might be more fair and certain.

Mrs. Rheberg had no objection to make to such proposal. Mr. Lauter was well made, had a handsome fortune, enjoyed a good reputation, and was, besides,

besides, a very sensible young man. Rose did not seem to reject his addresses; her marriage with Lewis was entirely broken off. Mrs. Rheberg, therefore, wrote to Mrs. Seeburg that she was going to Pyrmont, with miss Kellner, who would probably return the wife of counsellor Lauter.

The ladies did not wait for the other aunt's answer, and set off. Rose was infinitely pleased with this journey; for she was promised that at her return, she should go to Ellberg, on a visit to Mrs. Seeburg. She would willingly have consented to a voyage round the world, provided Ellberg were to be the end of it.

Mrs. Seeburg happened to be at Mr. Burckard's, when she received the letter. "What!" she exclaimed, "how is

is this? Rose going to be married!"—
 "Married!" roared out Lewis; great
 Gods! is it true?" He tore the letter
 from Mrs. Seeburg's hands, read it over
 with the wildest phrensy, and, in the
 height of it, destroyed and threw it
 into the fire—it was consumed in a mo-
 ment. "Horses!" cried he, "horses!"
 He went to the window, and called his
 servant. "Saddle my horse," said he,
 "quick, in one minute."—"Compose
 yourself, Lewis," said Mr. Burckard;
 "I do not mean to detain you; here is
 money. But whither are you going?"
 —"To Just Heaven! Where are
 they gone to? Where is the letter?
 Gods! Gods! I did not read it. . . ."
 —"Well, well! be calm; go to Bruns-
 wick first; you may still find them
 there;

there ; at least, you may learn where they are ; above all, have courage."

Lewis tenderly embraced his parents, took his leave, and flew on the road to Brunswick, with such rapidity, that his servant had the greatest difficulty in keeping up with him. He leaped off his horse, when he came before Mrs. Rehberg's house. The ladies, to the number of four, were gone the day before—they could not tell whither.—“ But there is the postillion,” said they, showing him a man who sat at the door of the inn. Lewis approached the man, questioned him, and learnt the place where Mrs. Rehberg and Rose had slept. They had taken post-horses, but where they had gone to, he could not say.

It was absolutely necessary for Lewis

to

to stop a few hours at Brunswick, his servant did not like to kill the horses. Towards night, they pursued their journey, and arrived the next morning at the place where Rose had passed the first night. Lewis enquired whether they had seen four ladies, and was answered they must be at the next stage. He sat down to rest himself, looked at his watch, and doubted if it went at all. He swore against his servant and against his horse—At two o'clock, they again resumed their journey, and reached the next stage. The ladies had just left it. "My dear James," said he, "one stage more, and you may sleep as long as you please."—"But, my good master, the horses!"—"Well, the horses are still able to go another stage; they will rest at night."

The

The horses were brought out; one was already lame, and the other looked extremely fatigued. "They can hardly move," said the servant, "let us take post-horses." There was none to be had. At last, they found a man, who offered to conduct the young man alone, with a hired horse, to the next stage; James was to follow at a distance.

They set off, and soon saw a postilion, with four horses, coming towards them. "Friend," said Lewis, "is it you that conducted four ladies?" — "Yes, sir." — "Where to?" — "To M***." — "Where did they put up at?" — "At the Spread Eagle; they will sleep there." Lewis again ran off full speed, and promised to pay accordingly. At last, he reached M***, and put up at the Spread Eagle. Having
paid

paid the man, he entered the inn, just as they were shutting up, as it was very late.—“I want to enquire after four ladies,” said he; “are they come?”—“Yes, sir.”—“But, for God’s sake, are they the same I mean?”—“Well, who are they then?”—“Oh! there is their carriage; but where are they?”—“Why, they have been in bed this hour.”—“When do they set off?”—“To-morrow, at eight o’clock.”—“Very well! let me have a room.”—“You cannot have one; the house is full.”

“Ah!” continued Lewis, with a suppliant air, “only let me have a chair, where I may pass the night.”—“That is impossible, even the parlours are taken. Go to the Stag; you may meet with some accommodation there.”—

“No;

“No ; I must absolutely stay here,” at the same time endeavouring to get in. “A moment,” cried the landlord, a powerful man, and who was likewise post-master, “we shall see that.” He took Lewis by the shoulders, pushed him in the middle of the yard, and shut the door.

Lewis now began knocking like a madman ; the landlord opened the door, and angrily addressing him, said, “Sir, if you disturb my guests, take care of your shoulders. My house is quite full ; if it were the only one in the place, I should be forced to receive you ; but I would advise you to go somewhere else. If you disturb those ladies, you.....” —“Those ladies !” cried Lewis. He thought of Rose, and again was going to entreat the landlord to let him have the

the least possible place in the kitchen, for which he was willing to pay any price, but the door was again shut in his face. What was to be done? He durst not give another knock, for fear of disturbing Rose. He cast his eyes on the chaise, which he had been told had brought her to the inn. He got into it, accommodated himself as well as he could, and resolved thus to pass the night, with his looks fixed on the window of his mistress' chamber.

The silence which soon prevailed around him, the fatigue he had undergone, and the cold air of the night, soon calmed his agitated spirits; his eye-lids became heavy; he rested his head upon a cushion as hard as a stone, and fell asleep, with a firm determination to speak that morning to Rose, cost what

what it would. Now, if it be considered that he had not closed his eyes for six-and-thirty hours, and that he had been riding above seventy miles as hard as he could, besides fretting, scolding, and behaving like a madman all the while, it will not appear surprising that he should fall into a most profound sleep—the most furious storm could not have disturbed him; of course, he did not awake, when a postillion came, whistling and singing, to put two post-horses to the very chaise in which he had taken his quarters.

The great gate was soon thrown open, and the postillion droye the chaise to the last stage from which he had brought a gentleman. It was the very place our hero had set off from the preceding evening. Scarcely ever did
two

two men find themselves so near one another, without knowing it, as Lewis and the postillion did, and that under such circumstances. The man was far from suspecting he had any body in his chaise. When he came to B***, he took off his horses, and left the chaise in the yard.

About five o'clock, in the morning, Lewis awoke; his first look was directed towards the window of Rose's bedchamber.... Alas! it was no longer there. Thinking he had made a mistake, he jumped out of the chaise, knocked at a little door, and asked whether the ladies were up?—"Yes, sir, I believe they are."—"What room did they sleep in?"—"No. 8."—Up he goes, sees No. 8, and opens the door; but guess his astonishment, on finding

finding himself before two ladies, very handsome, it is true, but whom he did not know. "I beg pardon," said he, "it is a mistake." He shut the door, and went to another—it was locked. A man's voice asked what he wanted? "Open the door," he answered. It was open, and Lewis saw they were pedlars, busy in packing up some bales.

In short, he could not find Rose in any of the rooms. He came down again and asked, "Where then are those ladies, that came last night?"—"At No. 8."—"I mean the four ladies in the red chaise."—"They went away yesterday afternoon at four o'clock."—"That's impossible; I saw the chaise last night." Hereupon, a great altercation took place between young
Burckard

Burckard and the landlord. James, his servant, now made his appearance. —“ Good morning, sir ; you are already come back, I see ; the horses will get on now bravely.” —“ James, where do you come from ?” “ I have been feeding the horses, sir. Have you heard nothing of miss Kellner ?” —“ The ladies have slept here.” —“ Here ! No, sir ; they set off yesterday at four.” —“ How do you know that ?” —“ Why, sir, you told me so yourself.” —“ Poh ! you are mad ; I did not even see you.” —“ Mr. Burckard ! —“ Mr. James ! —“ Thank God ! I have not yet lost my senses.” —“ Nor I neither. But I must have an explanation of all this. The ladies are gone, you say ; where to ?” —“ Ever since seven o'clock, I have

'not been from the door.'"—" But I did not arrive till ten, and you stopped at B***."—" Good God! Mr. Burckard; why, this is B***."—" What? This is B***! What do you mean?"

The landlord, his wife, the servants, all laughed as if to kill themselves; all the lodgers came out of their rooms. " Yes, indeed, my good master," continued James, " it is here we came yesterday; it is here miss Kellner dined; and there is the stable we put your horses in. Recollect yourself I have not been a moment from this place, as the landlord can bear witness."

" You are a fool, and a knave," exclaimed Lewis: " did not I go to M***?"—" Very true, sir; but now you are come back." Our hero, transported with rage, would have beat his
servant,

servant, had not the landlord prevented him. The landlady, who was not pleased to see a stranger thus quarrel about the name of the place, began to be angry; but the other spectators laughed most heartily.

“ But, surely, sir,” said the landlord, not in a very good humour, “ I hope you don’t pretend to say, that I don’t know in what place my house stands. Your servant is right, and you may argue as long as you please.” Saying which he left him, muttering that he was a madman, who ought to be shut up. “ Well,” cried Lewis, “ where is that rascal who says he took me to M * * * ? Where is that villain ? ”

“ He came back this morning,” answered James, “ and told me to go and meet you at the Spread Eagle.”—

“ Why, you confounded fool, is not this the Spread Eagle ? Fetch me that man.” As he did not live very far, he soon made his appearance.

“ Well, sir,” said Lewis, “ where did you take me to yesterday ? ” — “ To M * * *, sir,” — “ How come I to be here then ? ” — “ Why, I suppose you came back during the night.” Burckard, persuaded that it was a plot to make game of him, wanted to revenge himself on the poor man ; but the landlord got between, and some of the waiters seized Lewis by the middle. “ You rascal ! ” said he to the man, “ I suppose you made me ride for full three hours across the country, and at last brought me back to this place.” — “ Indeed, sir, it is no such thing.” —
“ But

“ But how should I be here then? Is not this the inn you took me to?”

“ But, sir,” replied the man, with an air of triumph, “ where is the well, that we saw before the Spread Eagle? And what did I say to you, when you asked me where the Spread Eagle was? Did not I answer, opposite a great tower?” “ Well, let us go, and see that tower,” said Lewis, furiously rushing out of the house, and looking every where for the tower and the well. They all followed him. “ Now, sir,” said the man, “ you see there is no such thing here. Besides, the other inn was on the right-hand side, and this is on the left.” “ Well,” cried Lewis, “ the devil alone knows where I am.” —“ I know no more about that than you do.”

"Ha! ha!" said the landlord, laughing, "that gentleman found the wine at M * * * very good." Lewis was quite besides himself, and did not pay any attention to the railleries that were poured upon him. "But, my dear master," asked James, "where did you sleep last night?" "In that chaise," answered Burckard.

At these words, the landlord burst out a laughing louder than before. "What?" said he, "in that chaise? . . . Really, in good conscience, you ought to pay me the fare, or at least half" "And you ought to give me something to drink," said the postillion; "for I brought you from M * * * to B * * *." An universal laugh ensued, which brought all the lodgers to their windows. The singularity of the adventure

ture passed from room to room, and occasioned a general mirth. James, himself, in spite of his attachment to his master, could not keep himself serious. As for Lewis, he did not cease asking questions, fretting, swearing and cursing his unlucky stars; he could not familiarize himself with the idea that he was not at the Spread Eagle.

The two ladies of No. 8, now got into their carriage, and set off for M***; they asked Lewis, laughing like the rest, whether they should bespeak a room for him at the Spread Eagle.

Upon the whole, the landlord was by no means a loser by this adventure. Never, since he had kept the inn, had he sold so much liquor, as he did that morning; the whole town flocked to see the gentleman who did not know

in what part of the world he was. Lewis was so stupified with what had happened to him, that he did not even suspect the cause of the universal laugh of which he was the object. He asked for his breakfast, and continued reflecting and musing, and notwithstanding the great want he was in of eating and drinking, he could think of nothing but Rose, of the enormous distance she must now be from him, and of the means of overtaking her. He heartily returned thanks to Heaven, when he once more found himself on horseback.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

THE ARRIVAL.

DURING all this time, Rose was in her chaise, thinking of Lewis. She had heard him, the night before, speaking to the landlord; had approached the window, and looked into the yard, but had not been able to see any thing. She had merely heard Lewis asking at what time the ladies were to set off, and the landlord answering at eight o'clock. She knew likewise that there had been a very warm altercation, the cause of which she was ignorant of, because her aunt seeing her up had told her; "Rose, why are you getting up?

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Stay in your bed." The door had immediately been shut, and silence had prevailed in the whole house.

A moment after, Rose heard somebody coming up. " It is Lewis," said she to herself. The door of the adjoining room was opened ; she heard a noise, as of a person getting into bed, and made no doubt it was her dear Burckard. Believing herself so very near the man she still loved, she found it impossible to close her eyes.

Early, the next morning, the door again opened. Miss Kellner jumped out of bed in such a hurry, that she made her aunt and cousin start up in affright. " What is the matter ?" asked Mrs. Rheberg. " I am only dressing myself," answered Rose, and then she hurried on her clothes, overturned the

the

the gowns, caps, and petticoats, disturbed the chairs, tables, and furniture, ran backwards and forwards from the window to the door; in short, made such noise and confusion, that her aunt grew seriously angry, and opened her curtains, saying: "Rose, are you mad this morning?"

When Rose was dressed, she found it impossible to stay in the room, but went down stairs and came up again several times. "But what are you about?" asked the aunt.——"Nothing I am enjoying the fresh air . . . I am taking a little exercise." She heard somebody, went out with precipitation, and left the door open, so that the aunt and cousin were obliged to draw the curtains close, for fear they should be seen in their bed. "But,"

E 6. Rose,"

Rose," once more, exclaimed Mrs. Rheberg, "what is the matter? Please to come back."—"Why, aunt, I heard somebody"—"Well, is that a reason you should leave the door open?" Rose came back, quite confused, not for her thoughtlessness, but for finding her self disappointed in her hopes.

Breakfast was brought up, and Rose took her coffee without knowing what she was about. All, on a sudden, she threw her handkerchief upon her cousin's dish, and exclaimed: "Aunt! I hear somebody coming." "You are certainly mad," answered Mrs. Rheberg.

Unable to contain herself any longer, she hurried down stairs, and went to speak to the landlord. "Pray, sir," said she, blushing, "where is that gentleman

tleman that was inquiring after us last night? Have the goodness to tell him that we are going to set off....Do, my dear sir....he is a relation of ours...."

It is not to be supposed that the landlord would confess his want of civility, and that to a lady who behaved with so much politeness. "Yes, yes, miss," answered he, "I know whom you mean...."—"Was it not he that slept in the room next to ours?"—"Yes, miss, the same..... but.... he is gone already....."—"He knows, however, that we are not to set off till eight o'clock."—"That is exactly what I told him; and he said, if he had time, he would come back and see you.... I believe he is only gone to speak to some person in town."—"But he knows nobody here."—"Oh! well,

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well, he is gone to take a walk, I suppose."

"To take a walk!" repeated Rose, with a deep sigh. However, the bill was paid, and the ladies prepared for their departure—Lewis did not come

"Well, Rose, come," said the aunt, "where is your cloak?"—"Here it is."

—"Very well, make haste."—"Why, aunt, it is not late." She took up her cloak, as if it had been made of lead, unfolded it, with a slow, careless motion, put it on her shoulders, stood a long while arranging it, and then looked sorrowfully through the window. Her cousin, quite out of all patience, took her by the arm, and made her go down the stairs. A poor man stood begging in the yard. Miss Kellner searched her pockets for some silver, but could not find

find any. "Well! are you ready yet?" asked Mrs Rehberg.—"Yes, aunt, presently; I want to give something to this poor man"

All these delays, however, proved useless, and she was obliged to get into the chaise, without seeing Lewis. "Aunt," said she, "I wish you would tell the postillion to blow his horn."—"Why so?"—"Why, I don't know only I like to hear it." Then she looked through the chaise windows, sometimes one way, sometimes another. At last, finding she must give up all hopes of seeing Burckard, she sat herself down in one corner, raging within herself against Lewis, her aunt, her cousin, and the postillion, who drove too fast. She never pronounced a word, never raised her eyes, except when she heard a horse

a horse going or coming, and then she would lean almost half out of the chaise. But how could she have perceived Lewis? He was still at that moment in the enchanted inn.

Our hero set off from B***, as we have already related, and in less than three hours, found himself once more at the Spread Eagle. "Are the ladies gone?" he asked.—"Yes, sir, they set off last night." — "Which way?" — "They followed the great road, towards the next stage. One of them inquired for you, and said she was sure you would come." — "Is it possible? And pray, which was it?" — "The youngest.... her name is Rose; I heard the other ladies call her so."

"James! James!" cried Lewis, "quick, let us go." They arrived, without
out

out stopping, at the next stage. The same question received the same answer, except that the landlord could not tell the name of the place they were gone to. Lewis pursued his journey with ardour; still found some traces of the passage of Rose, and then lost them entirely. He was so fatigued, so harassed by exertion, that he could hardly stand when he reached the last stage.

Here he found the two ladies of No. 8, at B***. He conversed with them about his adventure at the two inns, of which he related all the particulars. "But then, sir," said one of them, "cannot you nearly guess where those ladies intend to go to?"—"To some watering place; but I cannot tell which."—"Oh! it can be no other than Pyrmont. Sir," added she, "your
horses

horses are quite exhausted : if our company be not disagreeable to you, give me leave to offer you a place in our carriage; your servant may come after you."

Lewis gladly accepted the proposal, and, towards the evening, set off again with the ladies. They made another stop at night; and, at last, reached Pymont. During the journey, the two ladies endeavoured, by talking, laughing, and singing, to dispel the cloud of melancholy that hung over his brow, but they met with very little success. When they came near the gates, they held a consultation about the manner in which they should enter their names, along with that of Lewis. "Oh! I will tell you," said one of them, "you must say that you are our cousin; we will

will lodge in the same hotel, and you shall be our beau."

Lewis was well pleased with this arrangement; and, the same evening, had his name entered on the list of arrivals, in these words: "Arrived this day Mr. Lewis Burckard, and the two miss Dupuis, of Strasbourg; they have taken lodgings at the Golden Bough."

Lewis, as soon as he saw the list, snatched it up, like a madman, and ran over the contents; but, to his great disappointment, found not the names he sought for—those of Rose and Mrs. Rehberg.

His two *cousins*, however, revived his hopes, by telling him, that, either the ladies were not yet arrived, or that they had come under a borrowed name, as
many

many travellers do, who do not wish to be known.

This last conjecture proved to be true ; for, Mrs. Lauter, the counsellor's mother, had come to meet Mrs. Rehberg at the last stage, and the whole five had been entered as " Mrs. Lauter and family."

Rose was totally unconscious of the particular attention which was paid her by Mrs. Lauter; neither did she perceive that the young counsellor had considerably abated from his usual coldness and phlegmatic disposition. Her head was full of nothing but Lewis; and, therefore, when Mr. Lauter, encouraged by that very indifference of Rose, overwhelmed her with ceremonious compliments, and tenderly pressed her hand, which she did not try to withdraw

draw from his, because she thought of something else, the mother and aunt threw significant glances at each other, and made themselves happy in the prospect of what they called a reciprocal attachment. But in this, they formed a very erroneous opinion of their sex; they ought to have known that a woman is never really on the point of surrendering, but when she is resisting before the attack is made.

On the very day of her arrival, Rose, without any ceremony, snatched the list of arrivals out of Mrs. Rehberg's hands, read over the names, but did not see Burckard's. The next day, she saw the paragraph already mentioned; her face immediately coloured with anger. "The two miss Dupuis!" said she to herself, "who can those women be?"

Then

Then, with a most engaging affability, she desired counsellor Lauter to take, secretly, and unknown to her aunt, some informations respecting the two ladies. Mr. Lauter was overjoyed to find himself charged with a commission by Rose, and already thought he was a made man. He ran over the whole town, took a great deal of trouble, came back about noon, and immediately waited on miss Kellner, with a countenance expressive of the happiness he felt in being made the confidant of her secrets. "Well, sir," said Rose, "these two miss....."—"They do not deserve to have their name pronounced by such charming, such virtuous lips as yours. They are two immoral creatures; in a word, the refuse of their sex."—"Oh! sir," said Rose, bursting into

into tears, "that is impossible. No, it is nothing but calumny; it would be horrid to....."—"Ah! miss Kellner, you are as yet unacquainted with the world. This appears an impossibility to you, because you are pure and spotless, but nothing is more common than to see such women. This is a certain fact, for I have taken every information I could get at, particularly from some officers who have long known the two Dupuis."—"But may there not be several persons of the same name?"—"Certainly, miss Kellner; but these are the two individual ones I mean; I met them myself on the parade, and they have already made the conquest of a young man, a savage, who gives himself as their cousin. He lodges at the same hotel. I could not be mistaken;

taken ; for no sooner did they make their appearance on the Parade, than they were surrounded by a crowd of amateurs, who renewed their acquaintance with them. Nay, look, my dear miss Kellner ; yonder they come."

Rose approached the window, and, to complete her misfortune, saw the two girls, one of which held Lewis by the arm, and the other was surrounded by a crowd of young sparks. She raised her suppliant hands to heaven, and two burning tears flowed down her cheeks. At that moment, the landlady came in. "This is a charming prospect, is it not, miss? the window looks over the Parade, and you may see every body walking, and oh ! oh ! the two Dupuis are come back, I see, and a great many dupes will again be made
by

by them, no doubt."—"Heavens!" exclaimed Rose, sobbing aloud. She hid her face in her hands, and a torrent of tears made its passage through her fingers. The counsellor approached, took miss Kellner's hand, and pressed it to his lips, tenderly inquiring the cause of her grief. Rose made no answer, but fell into a swoon. Assistance was immediately given, but she found herself so very ill, that she was obliged to go to bed. The company staid in the room, although she would have preferred to be left alone, and she longed to see the night approach, that she might be at liberty to indulge her own reflections.

When, at last, the clock had struck ten, at night, her wishes were accomplished. "That is the reason," said

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she to herself; "that he set off without seeing me. Oh! the traitor! the vile monster!" The rage with which she was transported was so violent, that she found her bed too burning, and she got up. She knelt down, and besought Heaven to save Lewis. "He has been seduced," said she; "he is inconstant, but he is honest." This fervent prayer, and the pity that inspired it, somewhat calmed her emotion; she again got into bed, but could not enjoy any rest; for jealousy often made her deaf to the voice of compassion.

The next morning, they advised Rose to keep her bed, as she was not by any means recovered from her indisposition. Mrs. Rehberg and her daughter went to take a walk with Mr. Lauter. On their return, miss Rehberg ran up to
Rose's

Rose's apartment, with terror depicted on her countenance. "My dear cousin," said she, "do you know that your old acquaintance, Lewis, is in Pymont? I have seen him; but God deliver us! in what society! with two women of the most depraved character. Rose, my dear, you must write this to your aunt Seeburg. It is impossible Mr. Burckard should countenance such a conduct. Yesterday, Lewis fought with another libertine.... Do you know, I was all of a tremble... I was afraid he should see us; fortunately, however, there were so many people about him, that he could not perceive the place where we stood. There was a great deal of noise, and I fear there has been some new quarrel."

OF QUARTERLY PAGES. F 2. Poor

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Poor Rose!.... the blood froze in her veins, and she fell motionless on her bed.

CHAP. VIII.

A DUEL.

MISS REHBERG's account was not altogether wrong. She had related the truth, from public rumour; but the motives were not those she assigned.

While in the enchanted inn, the two pretty sisters had already formed a design on Lewis. Thanks to the informations they had gathered from the talkative James, they knew that this young man was goodness-itself, and what

what was still better, immensely rich. When they arrived at Pymont, they made use of the most refined coquetry, in order to excite his passions, but in vain, which surprised them not a little: this was the first time they met with an opulent young man, who was handsomely made, endowed with an exquisite sensibility, and yet possessed of such pure innocence, that he did not even suspect the snares which were laid to entrap him.

It was chiefly the younger sister that showed herself ambitious of success. She dressed herself with all the richness and elegance imaginable; but it was all thrown away upon Lewis; which, in the heat of conversation, she put her hand to his palpitating bosom, he remained cold, and insensible to her dis-

civious glances; all her artifices made no more impression upon him than they would upon a statue.

"Oh! Mr. Burckard," said she, one evening that she had been left alone with him, and while she was pressing his hand, "we must have a very high opinion of you, thus to trust ourselves with a young man like you! We took you into our carriage, lodged with you on the road, in the same inn, and now live under the same roof.... Our chambers are contiguous to each other.... We come to your's en deshabillé,.... and, see my sister's imprudence! she is gone to bed, and has left me tête-à-tête with you, in the middle of the night; that is exposing us too much."

"Not at all," answered Lewis, with a most serious air, "I must be vile and infamous

infamous indeed, to abuse such confidence, even to harbour one single injurious thought. Believe me, dear cousin, I am not so contemptible; you have nothing to fear."—"Yes . . . but what will people think of us? All men are not so . . . virtuous as our cousin Burckard."—"I have already told you that I was ready to leave this hotel; but you have always detained me."—"Very true," replied she, "why should we care for what the world may say? Are you not my little cousin?"—She kissed him, and tenderly pressed him to her heart. Burckard very innocently returned her caresses. Miss Dupuis retired to her chamber, and told her sister that they had met with the greatest original upon earth.

The next morning, Lewis went to

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all the public walks, to seek for Rose, but did not find her, and indeed saw but very few persons, as it was much too early. He waited with patience till the time that generally brought out company; Rose did not make her appearance. Our hero went for his cousins, and returned along with them. They were followed by a crowd of young men. The younger sister, who always accompanied Burkard, told him that these were some of her last year's acquaintances. Lewis, who had never been at Pyrmont, found nothing extraordinary in what she said. They continued walking till dinner time, when the crowd began to diminish, and they returned home.

Lewis, in the afternoon, retired to his room, in order to write to his father.

ther. In a few minutes, he heard some persons talking and laughing in the adjoining apartment, and he repaired thither. The two sisters had company with them; there were several young men, who seemed to be in very good spirits. The moment Lewis opened the door, the two miss Dupuis rose to receive him. "Ah! my dear cousin," said the younger, "how do you do? Come and sit down by me." He asked her, in a low voice, whether she had learned any thing about Mrs. Rehberg. She was going to answer, when her sister, who sat behind our hero, exclaimed, "Have done, sir." Lewis turned his head and saw one of the young men endeavouring to draw miss Dupuis upon his knees. "Let

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that lady alone, sir," said he with an air of authority.—"What is that to you?" —"You are in my house, sir." —"Well?" —"Let that lady alone, I say." —"I will not." —"No; I will turn you out of the room." —"What? turn me out of the room? Whom do you speak to?"

The young man stepped up to Burckard, who laid hold of him, and began dragging him towards the door; another young man took the part of the first, and a most horrid confusion ensued.

The master of the house came in, just at the moment Lewis had turned out both his antagonists, who, knowing their inferiority, retired grumbling, and a rumour soon spread through the whole town that one of the admirers of the miss

Dupuis

Dupuis had had a quarrel with some of his rivals, in which the latter had been rather roughly handled.

The next day, Lewis again went to take a walk. He was no sooner on the parade, than he was pointed out by every body. Suddenly, the two offended sparks came up to him, accompanied by a number of their friends.—

“Who are you, sir?” angrily demanded one of them.—“My name is Burckard.”

—“Sir, you have insulted me yesterday.”—“I am incapable of doing such a thing; I only turned you out of the room...”—“Well, is not this an insult?”

—“You may take it as you please.”

—“You owe me satisfaction.”—“I owe you nothing more than my advice to let these ladies alone, or I shall give you something that you will not like.”

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—"Well, that is what I want to see; come along with me."—"Where to?"

—"Into that wood, yonder."—"What for?"—"To fight."

"Why, did I not fight, and beat you yesterday?" answered Lewis, with the greatest sang-froid. — "Come, come along" — "I shall not go." — "No; then I look upon you to be a coward, a poltroon." — "Just as you please, I care not much about it." — "I'll give you a box on the ear." — "And I'll knock you down, in return."

"Gentlemen," cried the young man, with triumph, "I take you all to witness that this man is the greatest coward that ever existed." — "You are a fool," answered Lewis laughing; "you may say that I am a coward, as long as you please, but that will not make me really

really so.”—“ Well,” said one of the spectators, “ you must quit Pymont.” “ Why so ? ”—“ Because we will not suffer cowards to stay amongst us.”—The other by-standers testified their assent by a murmur of approbation.

“ Gentlemen,” said Lewis, “ you do not seem sufficiently acquainted with the business. This young man was yesterday at my lodgings; he insulted a lady who is under my protection: I desired him to desist; he refused, and I turned him out of the room; that is all. Is there any cowardice in that ? ”—“ No; but you owe him the satisfaction he requires.”—“ Well, let him bring his complaint before whoever he pleases.” Thus saying, he wished to get away. The young man opposed him, and said, “ You shall not go
8
away

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away before you have asked my pardon."—"Pardon! for what?"—"For having turned me out of doors."—"Well, sir, if you repeat your insult, I will again turn you out of doors, unless you prefer being thrown out of the window." At this moment, one of the young men attacked Lewis in front, while the other seized hold of him behind; but he disengaged himself, by giving a knock on the head to each; and, seeing that one of them was drawing his sword, he snatched one from an officer who was by him, set his back against a tree, and said, "The first that comes near me shall feel the point of this sword."

At this instant, an elderly gentleman, who was the father of one of the young men, advanced.—"Who is that

ODD ENOUGH, TO BE SURE! MIGHT that youth?" he asked, but nobody could give him any information. "A madman," said one, "who has had a quarrel with your son."—"Is that your son, sir?" asked Burckard—"Yes, sir." Lewis then began relating the affair in a few words; but was much astonished, when the old gentleman replied, "It is not in a public walk that such quarrels ought to be adjusted: you know the laws, and there are other places more fit than this to decide an affair of honour."—"What!" cried Lewis, "do you call this an affair of honour?"—"Yes, sir; you have insulted my son, and you ought to give him the satisfaction to go with him to that wood, yonder."—"Very well, sir."

When they came to the place, they forced Lewis to take a sword; his antagonist

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tagonist drew his, and cried out, "Coward, defend yourself!" Lewis, with great intrepidity, contented himself with merely acting upon the defensive, and, in less than five minutes, disarmed his adversary. The spectators cried out bravo! An officer, who was present, said he never saw a man fight with so much address and sang-froid. "Wretch!" exclaimed Lewis, addressing the young man, "what now could hinder me from seizing and carrying you before a magistrate?"—"A magistrate!" said the officer; "why so?"—"Did not that foolish fellow expose me to commit a murder? Had I been less skilled in the management of my sword, should I have been able to spare him as I have done?" His eyes flashed with anger.

"But,

"But, sir," replied the officer, "you will then force him to fight you a second time. You are a very strange man, I think; you fight like a devil; you speak as if you could not live without duels; and you consider a duel as a murder. If this young man were to challenge you with pistols, of what use would your superiority at the sword be to you then?"—"That coward! fight with pistols?" exclaimed Lewis.

"Yes," cried the young man, nettled by such language, "if I had ten lives, I would risk them all against that man. Am I thus to be covered with shame? ... You have spared me, you say ... well, here are pistols."

Lewis took one of them. "Will you then," he asked, "expose me to a certain murder?"—He pointed at a little

branch

branch of a tree, about forty paces from him, took his aim, and cut it down clean with the ball. The young man shuddered. The officer started back, and admired the shot. The insult was forgotten, and they all returned to town. An hour after, the singular duel, which had been fought on account of one of the Dupuis, was the subject of every conversation.

The news was brought to miss Kellner by Mrs. Rehberg's *femme-de-chambre*. "Yes, indeed, miss," said she, "Mr. Burckard has got two mistresses, and he has been fighting two duels for them to-day, the one with swords, and the other with pistols. — "Good God!" exclaimed Rose, lifting her sorrowful eyes to heaven, "first, faithless, and then assassin! . . . but," added

added she, "those wicked creatures must have met with very ill treatment on that account."—"Not at all, miss; they are still walking now with Mr. Burckard. But what makes people laugh more at his expense, is, that those women have so ensnared and deceived him, that he believes them virtuous and honest. Ah! if his poor father wasto know all this!"

Each word of Mrs. Rehberg's *femme-de-chambre's* was a dagger to miss Kellner's heart. "Can he thus publicly expose his own shame?" said she to herself. "Is this the same Lewis, apparently so good, so virtuous, in the happy days of our infancy? No," continued she, mentally addressing him, "though you were to stay for a whole
ten

ten years at my feet, you shall never obtain my forgiveness."

Lewis now became the object of general curiosity. A young man; twenty-four years of age; who had two mistresses; who rode with the most charming grace; who fought with intrepidity, either with swords or pistols, without seeming to value himself upon those advantages; and possessing withal an interesting countenance, the elegant form of Adonis, joined to the muscular make of Hercules, all this was more than sufficient to excite universal admiration. The only persons that were dissatisfied with him, were the two so-called cousins. His timidity, his loyal frankness, were things entirely new to them; and what was worse than all,

his

his presence had driven away all their numerous admirers. Their house was become as chaste as the temple of Vesta.

At last, despairing of ever *sharpening* Lewis, as they called it, or rather, of making a dupe of him, they proposed to him to remove into other lodgings, under pretence of the injury done to their reputation, by the great intimacy which subsisted between them. Our hero found nothing extraordinary in such a proposal, and very coolly ordered his servant, James, who had arrived the day before, to transport all his things into another hotel—the same evening, the two fair-ones were rid of their valiant knight.

That very day, Burckard got some intelligence about Mrs. Rehberg's arrival, and by dint of inquiries which he made

every

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every where, had, at length, the happiness of discovering the residence of his mistress, the inconstant Rose. From her he met with but a cool reception, but the aunt and cousin showed him all manner of civilities. Nevertheless, they were extremely surprised to hear that young man, who had the reputation of being a libertine, talk nothing but wisdom and morality. They attributed such language to hypocrisy and dissimulation.

Unfortunately, he had but very little time, to come to an explanation with Rose; her departure was fixed for the third day. On the second, there was a great ball. Lewis went to it; but got tired, because he could not dance; and he remained inactive, to the great disappointment of several ladies, who could

could have wished to enter into conversation with so singular a character. He was going to leave the room, when he saw a woman standing by the door, whose dress bespoke her the wife of some mechanic, and who was, now and then, wiping her eyes with a handkerchief. As he considered her more attentively, he remarked that she often directed her looks towards the prince's chamberlain, who sat playing at one of the tables, and as often looked at her with every demonstration of anger and spite.

When the game was over, the chamberlain went to the door, and said to the woman, "Go home, I say, and do not stay here; you know what I have told you; to-morrow, it will be too late,"—"O Heavens!" exclaimed the woman,

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woman, shedding a torrent of tears, and hiding her face in her hands. She went out, with slow reluctant steps, and passed through the Parade. Lewis followed her, and inquired the reason of her grief. She could give no answer; but he renewed his entreaties, and with much difficulty, obtained her consent to accompany her home, and hear the recital of her misfortunes.

CHAP. IX.

DANCING INTERRUPTED.

THE afflicted woman conducted Burckard into a small room, in which he saw an old man, busy at his employment, which was that of a taylor, and a young

young girl, who averted her face, and seemed dissolved in tears.

“ My dear sir,” said Mrs. Walter, “ you see my husband, and our only daughter. It is she, is the innocent cause of all our misfortunes. She loves a young man of the adjoining village, who likewise has an affection for her. He has demanded her in marriage, and shown us thirty florins which he had saved....The young people were on the point of being married, when an unfortunate event has happened, which separates them, perhaps for ever.... Our prince being obliged to find his contingent of soldiers for the war, has given orders to seize, during the night, some young men of the village, and among them is Antonio, our Eliza’s lover. You may well imagine our

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affliction. Antonio has sent us his thirty florins, to try, if with that sum it will be possible to get his discharge; for, sometimes it has happened that, with a small sum, and a little protection, parents have had their children discharged. But, alas! we don't know any body.... and we have been obliged to give it up."

"But," demanded Lewis, "why not solicit the protection of the chamberlain, whom you seem to know?"

"Alas! sir," answered the taylor, "it was our first idea. He had lodged here for two years, during the season, and I thought he might serve us. I have been to him; but I suppose Heaven had decreed otherwise, I have not been able to succeed."

"Well, but," said Lewis, addressing Mrs. Walter, "I heard him say
that

that to-morrow, it would be too late; what did he mean by that?" The mother coloured.—"Is there no means of extricating the young man?"—"Yes, there is."—"What is it?"—"Alas! it is not an easy thing to procure two or three hundred crowns."—"Three hundred crowns! Is that all?"

The astonished trio looked at one another, not knowing what he meant. "Charming Eliza," continued Lewis, "to-morrow you shall have your lover. How much money have you got?" "Thirty florins," answered the mother, hardly able to speak, "and besides, a ducat and a golden cross."

Lewis emptied his purse upon the table, and counted fifty louis-d'or. "Here," said he, "is more than you want to get the young man's discharge;

the rest will serve as a dowry to the happy couple." It would be difficult to describe the joy of those good people. It was so great and so sudden, that they could hardly believe it a reality. Young Burckard was the only one that remained collected. "Where is the young man?" he asked; "what is the captain's name?" This question put a stop to the joy of the poor family. "My dear sir," answered the father, "they are encamped a few miles from here, but I do not know the names of the officers."—"Well, I suppose the chamberlain knows!"—"Certainly."—"Well, you must ask him." A deeper blush coloured the cheeks of Eliza. "Alas!" cried the father, "we have not told you the character of that chamberlain. During his stay in this house,

he

he made some wicked overtures to our daughter, and he has now set her dishonour as the price of Antonio's liberty." Lewis shuddered with indignation, and resolved to go immediately to that wicked man, reproach him with his meanness, and draw from him every necessary information.

He ran to the ball-room. The chamberlain was dancing with a very handsome lady. Our hero, whose head was full of nothing but Antonio's liberty, without any regard for the place, nor the persons that composed the society, rushed in, and penetrated to the chamberlain. "A word with you, sir," said he.—"With all my heart, sir, when I am disengaged."—"Zounds! sir, you'll dance till to-morrow; it concerns the liberty of a man, the consolation of an

unhappy family." He seized him by the arm, at the moment he was turning round, and dragged him out of the dance, leaving the lady quite astonished at a behaviour so very uncivil.

"But what do you want?" cried the chamberlain, in a rage, and endeavouring to disentangle himself. "Sir,"

answered Lewis, "the interest of the unfortunate ought to suffer no delays."

"I owe you," replied the chamberlain, "a lesson of politeness, which I will give you out of the room." — "And I shall give you a lesson of humanity, which I hope you will profit by, if you have any spark of honour left."

"What do you mean?" — "Truth."

During this warm altercation, the dancers gathered round the two antagonists:

to see the result of the contest.

nists,. The chamberlain eyed Burck-
ard with an air of contempt. "You
are an impertinent fellow," said he,
and I'll chastise you as you deserve."
The officer, who had been present,
when Lewis fought the duel, approach-
ed the great man, and whispered to
him: "Moderate yourself; for he is a
very devil, both at sword and pistol."
This charitable advice appeased the
chamberlain's anger; he looked at
Lewis: "Ah! ah!" said he, "I be-
lieve I have heard something of your
oddities . . . Well, what can I do for
you?" "I want very little," answered
Lewis; "only to know the name of
the captain of Antonio, whom you
wished to make the victim of your re-
vanch." "Poh! I know nothing
about it." Saying this, he turned

round, and endeavoured to get away. Lewis detained him. "Well, what is this new piece of insolence?" cried the chamberlain. "Are you a nobleman, sir?"—"No, I am not."—"In that case I cannot fight with you."—"Who speaks of fighting? The affair is very simple."

"That young man is mad," said the chamberlain; "I shall have him shut up; I cannot fight with him, since he is not a nobleman." At that moment, an elderly gentleman advanced towards the chamberlain, laid hold of his hand, and said, with some degree of warmth: "You shall answer that young man, sir, or I shall show you that I am a nobleman" He unbuttoned his coat, and discovered the mark of a military order. "I have no dispute to settle
(Luce) with

with your lordship," answered the chamberlain; "but you will always find me ready to serve you; there is nothing I can refuse to a nobleman."—"Well, then, give that young man the answer he requires." Then, addressing himself to Burckard: "Sir," continued he, "I see this affair is going to be serious. I feel I am too old to fight a duel; will you have the goodness to supply my place?" "But this is not the business," replied the chamberlain. "What does the young man want?"—"I merely ask the name and address of the captain of Antonio, miss Walter's lover."—"Oh! I'll give them to you in a moment." He took a pencil and wrote them down on a piece of paper.—"How much money must be paid for his discharge?"—"A hundred

red crowns."—"You spoke of three hundred, I thought?"—"Very true, but . . ."—"Oh! I understand; that was to bring the poor woman to deliver up her daughter to you. Well, I will pay the hundred crowns." He took the paper from the chamberlain, and retired, to the great satisfaction of the great man, and amidst the applause of the whole society.

In the course of a few minutes, he was on horseback. He immediately rode to Waldeck, where young Antonio's captain lived, gave the money, received the discharge, and returned to Pymont.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

TRUST NOT TO APPEARANCES.

MISS KELLNER was perpetually in the greatest agonies. Counsellor Lauter became every day more familiar and more pressing. Mrs. Rehberg spoke in words of which Rose could not see the motive nor the real aim. At last, the counsellor appeared all of a sudden to have lost his reserve; he made a formal declaration of his love, and demanded her in marriage.

Rose was quite thunderstruck by the proposal, and knew not what answer to make. She could not say nay to

a man, who behaved so very polite; and found it still more difficult to say yes, as she did not love him. A deep blush, a profound silence, were her interpreters. Mr. Lauter, who was none of the boldest, felt still more puzzled than Rose; not knowing whether she meant to express her approbation or not; he kissed her hand, and remained silent. When they parted, they both remained in doubt whether they had succeeded in making themselves understood.

When miss Kellner was left alone, she began to reflect. "Wife to Mr. Lauter!" thought she; "that was not possible. How could she ever be familiar with him?" She recollected Grandison and Henrietta Byron; she did not feel a warmer passion for the counsellor. "I, become the wife of

Mr.

Mr. Lauter ! No, never. Oh ! Lewis, Lewis ?”

During this soliloquy, which was still protracted in the same manner, Mrs. Rehberg came home. “ Well, Rose,” said she, “ have you made your own reflections ? Come, have a little confidence.” — “ Dear aunt,” answered she, “ I have no objection to make against Mr. Lauter ; but...” — “ Well, but ?”

— “ Why, he is too polite too respectful for me to become his wife ”

— “ Oh ! oh ! this is new indeed ; too polite to a young lady ! How would you have him then ? ” — “ Why now, like Lewis, for instance ”

“ Oh ! very true,” replied Mrs. Rehberg with a sardonic smile ; that one is not *too* polite, I am sure ; he is, besides, a libertine, a ” — “ Ah ! if he would
repent

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repent those faults, which, I confess, make one forget his good qualities.....

Yes, if he were now to fall at my feet, and say, 'O, my good Rose, forgive me; I will no longer offend!.....' —

"Well?" — "Then I would forgive him, and throw myself into his arms. I like that frankness, that delicate simplicity. But the counsellor talks so much of his devotedness, his honourable views, and his respect, that I cannot answer him any other way than with the like politeness. Can I be the wife of a man to whom I am obliged to behave with such circumspection?"

— "My dear child," answered the aunt, "with such romantic notions, you will be an old maid all your life, or you will have none but hypocrites, like your Burckard." — "Well then, if you

you will give me leave, I shall not marry at all, or at least, you will give me time to consider of it."

Mrs. Richberg told the young man that miss Kellner ought to have a little time allowed to make her own reflections. About an hour after this conversation, Rose was attracted to the window by a noise which she heard in the street. She perceived a group surrounding a young couple, just married, who were coming out of the church; these were Antonio and Eliza. The veteran officer, whom we have already mentioned, gave his hand to the bride; the countess of Grostein gave hats to the husbands. Lewis walked behind, and enjoyed the sight of his benefactress, but he was hid among the crowd. They proceeded to the

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great avenue opposite to Rose's windows, and there began a rural dance.

Our heroine was desirous, as well as Mrs. Rehberg, and the persons that composed her society, to know the occasion of these rejoicings. They sent to inquire, and the person returned, relating almost word for word, the action done by Burkard, but without mentioning his name. Mrs. Rehberg proposed to go and see by themselves the wedding of the two lovers; Rose and the rest of the company came down. They mixed with the spectators, and there learnt every particular of this event. Every body laughed at the expense of the chamberlain, who had left Pyrmont the preceding day. They admired and praised the love of young Antonio, who had been more quick on foot,

foot, than Burckard on horseback, and had preceded at Pymont the news of his discharge.

During this conversation, Rose perceived Burckard, and could not contain her joy, when she heard that he was the author of the young people's happiness. One reflection, however, filled her heart with bitterness. "It is to me alone," said she, "that Lewis behaves with such blackness." When Mrs. Rehberg was informed of what Lewis had been doing, she feared it might prove an obstacle to her project, and found a pretence for returning home. They had scarcely entered their apartment, when Lewis rushed in. "Dear Rose," he exclaimed, addressing himself directly to his mistress, "you will drive me to despair. Here, now, I for-

I forgive thee that coolness of the other day, and all the miseries thou hast caused me this day; let us be reconciled; my very life is at stake."

The bosom of Rose was swelled with her sighs; her eyes were big with tears, which could not find a passage.

"Lewis!" was the only word she was able to articulate. "How do the two miss Dupuis do?" asked Mrs. Reiberg.

This unexpected question so much astonished Burckhard, that he knew not what to answer, and his embarrassment was considered as an avowal of his guilt.

Rose observed it, and all her indignation revived. Jealousy stifled the voice of love.

"Begone!" she exclaimed. "O Rose!" answered Lewis.

"O my wife!" "I am not your wife."

There," continued she, pointing to Mrs.

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Lauter,

Lauter, "there is the man to whom my hand belongs. Go, I despise you."

Lewis stood as if rivetted to the spot; he could hardly recover the faculty of speech. "Be his wife," said he; "I renounce you for ever." He went slowly out of the room. In his confusion, he was hardly able to find his way, as it was night, and the spectators of this scene were so astonished, that they never thought of fighting him out.

He returned to his hotel in such agitation, that he doubted the reality of his own existence. He thought that all that had happened to him, within the last few weeks, was nothing but a painful dream. When he entered his apartment, he threw himself upon a chair. The veteran officer soon after came, and approached him unperceived.

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He affectionately took up his hand, and asked him the cause of his affliction.

"It is all over," said Lewis, "they are husband and wife."—"I know it."

"Heavens!" what treachery! Ah! sir, mankind are all mean and perfidious!"

"My good friend, what are you talking about?"

Lewis raised his head, and saw Mr. Berghorn (that was the veteran's name): "Oh! is it you?" said he—

"Why, you have been speaking to me this hour, and you did not see me?"

"That may well be: I am so absent sometimes!"—"What were you thinking about?"

"Ah! sir, I have learnt how to know women."

"But then, why do you form an intimacy with a girl of such dissolute morals?"

"Old man! if I did not respect your

old

grey

grey hairs . . . Knew that Rose is virtue personified!"—"I am not speaking of Rose; it is of the Dupuis."—"How! Can miss Dupuis be so despicable?"

"Do you doubt," answered Mr. Berghorn, "what is known to the whole town? Those two women come to Pymont for the sole purpose of making a traffic of their charms." Lewis, extremely surprised, related his story to Mr. Berghorn, but could with difficulty be persuaded of the immoral conduct of the two Alsacians. Our hero then made him acquainted with the terms on which he stood with Rose, the numerous whims and caprices which he had to suffer, and the last blow she had given to his tenderness, by consenting to become the wife of another Mr. Berghorn, who was not in possession

tion of the facts, agreed entirely with Lewis, and, in order to convince him that he ought to feel nothing but the greatest contempt for Rose's conduct, he related to him a few anecdotes of his life, in which he had been ill used by women. Our hero thought himself transported into an unknown world; he could not believe such perfidy possible, and his soul rejected the idea that such vile motives could degrade the noble passion of love. They parted, each with different sentiments. Mr. Berghorn flattered himself with the hope that he had corrected the romantic notions of his young friend. Lewis liked the old man's conversation; he felt the greatest regard for his person, but regretted to find his ill-usage de-

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While, with the best intentions in the world, Mr. Berghorn was making Rose hateful to her lover, the other party put the same ardour, and with almost the same good intentions, in representing Lewis as a man totally unworthy of his mistress' regard. But they found it much more difficult to render her calm and resigned. Counsellor Lauter was quite proud of Rose's declaration; but she had not, in his opinion, made it with that warmth, and especially with that tone, which he could have wished. He, therefore, desired a conference with his mother on the subject.

Had this lady known the real statements of poor Lewis, there is not a doubt that she would have made the happiness of the two young people, and

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that she would have renounced in their favour the plan of establishment which she had been forming for her son; but even for the sake of Rose, she thought she ought to pursue her design, and accordingly took proper measures with Mrs. Rehberg and her son.

The counsellor wanted to throw himself at the feet of his mistress, and thank her for the consent with which she had crowned his wishes; but Mrs. Rehberg thought it more prudent to go herself to her Niece. She accordingly went, and reminded her of the declaration she had made. Our heroine was thunder-struck at what she heard; she had entirely forgotten the circumstance; the sentiment which had in a manner forced the words from her lips, had been but of a short duration.

Mrs.

Mrs. Rehberg represented to her that it was too late to retract; that a refusal would be considered as an affront; that the counsellor and his mother had had her word, and it was no longer in her power to recall it, especially in a matter of such importance. Rose joined her hands and protested it was impossible she could ever marry Mr. Lauter: —“ Well then,” angrily answered the aunt, “ you must give that answer yourself, to his mother. For my part, I cannot, after all the civilities we have received in their house.”

This alternative Rose thought not less perplexing—She would do one thing, then another; and the negotiations were thus renewed. Mrs. Rehberg, who, at that moment had her own honour to defend, went rather a
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little from the principles of right. She told Rose, that she must absolutely insist on her being betrothed to Mr. Eauter; for, that, in fact, was not a real engagement. Rose, who, in the desperate situation she was in, would, as the proverb says, have caught at a spider's thread, accepted the proposal. She thought that was the only means of giving some kind of satisfaction to Mr. Eauter. Accordingly, it was resolved, that they should immediately set off for Brunswick.

Our heroine was far from being made more happy by this arrangement. The terms on which she now stood with the counsellor authorized his importunities. When she was alone, she indulged her tears, and gave herself up to all the agonies of grief. Her good aunt entertained

treated her to be calm, and to confirm, by her behaviour to Mr. Lauder, the declaration which she had made. These promised every thing that was asked, but represented that it was high time to think of some plausible excuse for breaking off their engagements.

The reader will perhaps say, that it was impossible Mrs. Rahberg could be so good as we have said; but, in this case, she was thus rendering her niece miserable; but to this we shall answer, that all those delicacies, all those ill-timed scruples, have done, not only in the world of romance, but even in the world we live in, more harm than wickedness and roguery, with this only difference; that the wicked know the whole extent of the injury they intend doing, whereas those who act from

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pure motives, believe on the contrary, that they are doing every thing for the best. A fidelity which is proof against every thing, and is inviolably preserved to an object even unworthy of it, may very well enter the head of a young girl who has no better notions of the world than those she has picked up in her books; but these considerations can have no effect on a person of mature age.

CHAP. XI.

RAVING.

THE day after Lewis had had with Rose the scene we have already related, he experienced some remorse; he
thought

thought he had misunderstood what miss Kellner had said. "Can there be any likelihood," said he, "of her ever marrying Lauter? At all events, I will go and see whether it is really so or not." He immediately repaired to Mrs. Rehberg's hotel—the ladies, and the counsellor, had just set off for Brunswick. All the information he got only tended to confirm him in the cruel idea that Rose was promised to Mr. Lauter, and that the marriage was going to take place at Brunswick.

"James," said he, when he came back, "get the horses ready, and we will set off." He wrote to Mrs. Rehberg. "Miss Kellner," was he saying, "is the property of another; I shall never see her more. Farewell!"

Mr. Berghorn, finding him inconsolable,

soluble, endeavoured at least to divert his thoughts to some other object; and, after many solicitations, took him along with him to his country-house. In the evening, they arrived at a small village, the situation of which they thought so charming that they resolved to pass the night there, and see, in the morning, the rising of the sun.

The next day, they pursued their journey, and arrived at Mr. Berghorn's. Lewis found, in the conversation of that worthy man some alleviation to his pain; but he never could forget his dear Rose. He did not write one single letter to his father, without inquiring after his inconstant mistress. Mr. Burckard avoided for some time answering those inquiries; but, at last, he informed his son that, a very few days

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days after her arrival, Rose had been betrothed to Mr. Lauter, and that the marriage was on the point of being concluded.

Lewis did not experience, at the receipt of this letter, those fits of violent rage, which were become almost habitual to him; he felt himself overwhelmed by the blow, and his soul sunk into a sort of deadly apathy. Mr. Berghorn found him sitting on a chair, holding the fatal letter, his head resting upon his hand, his eyes dry and fixed on the ground. "What is the matter now?" asked the veteran. Lewis returned no answer, but gave him the letter to read. "Unfortunate beings!" said Mr. Berghorn; perhaps it is no more than a misunderstanding. Rose, from the very expressions in Mr. Burckard's letter,

letter, seems to marry with reluctance. If you were to go to Brunswick, you might still be in time....."

"Yes, yes," cried Lewis, with transport, "you have read my very soul I will go to Brunswick I will set off instantly."

Had it not been for Mr. Berghorn's observation, Lewis would have remained at his country-house, and never have thought of flying to his Rose. But the idea that he might still be in time to prevent that fatal marriage roused all his dormant faculties; he got on horseback, and, after a few days' journey, arrived at Brunswick—just on the eve of the wedding-day. He put up at the inn he had used before, and ran to Mrs. Rehberg's house. A servant maid was coming out, saying
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to another woman, "I have not time at present; we have a wedding at our house to-morrow."

Lewis felt his blood run cold in his veins. Unable to contain himself, he flew up the stairs, knocked at the first door he came to Rose came to open it This sight almost petrified him; he stood immovable by the door, and fixed his looks on his mistress. She, on her part, was not in a better situation. "O Rose!" exclaimed Lewis, advancing towards her. She was going to answer him with tenderness, but could not articulate a word. Lewis, nevertheless, flew into her arms, and covered her with kisses—the names of Rose and Lewis were confounded on their amorous lips. "Do I see thee again?"

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again?" they both exclaimed at the same time.

They continued pressing each other to their palpitating bosoms. The most furious storm, the most dreadful noise, would have been insufficient to awake them from this dream, which, however, was but of short duration. Lewis soon felt ashamed of his weakness; he tore himself with effort from the arms of his mistress, and flew away, saying, "At least, I have seen thee once more." Nobody saw him go out. He immediately repaired to the inn, and said to his servant, "Come, James, let us go; I breathe a noisome air; I am stifled; I am all on fire; let us go back to Mr. Berghoon's." They were not long in resuming their journey.

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As to Rose, she stood a long time, like a statue; nearly deprived of both sense and motion. "Well, go," said she, at last, "thou monster! I have done with thee, since thou dost nothing but torment me. Let me hasten to cement those bands, which will set an eternal barrier between thee and me...."

She shed a torrent of tears, wrung her hands, and was guilty of a thousand extravagancies. In the paroxysm of her grief, she fell upon her knees, as if speaking to her lover, and addressed him in the most tender and passionate manner; then reproached herself for her infidelity, and entreated his forgiveness.....

In this violent state of mind she continued the whole night, and, the next morning, she was found in a high fever;

her eyes were wild and inflamed; her bosom palpitating, and her blood quite in a fermentation. "Good God! Rose," exclaimed her cousin, "what can have happened to make you so very ill?"—"I am indeed very ill," she faintly answered. Mrs. Rehberg, the counsellor and his mother came to visit Rose, and felt extremely alarmed at the state she was in. A physician was immediately sent for, who examined her, and said to Mrs. Rehberg, in a low voice, that the symptoms were very bad. "Bad!" exclaimed Rose; "is there any danger then? Ah! Heaven be praised for it; I shall be freed of all my torments."

This raving lasted for five days, during which she was continually talking of Lewis, the Dupuis, Louisa, Henrietta,

rietta, and Mr. Lauter, whom she was accusing one after another. In these monologues, she mentioned the adventure at the inn, near Brunswick, and the last interview she had had with her lover, all which things were wholly unintelligible to her auditors, who had not the least knowledge of them. At last the strength of her constitution got the better of her illness; she became more calm, and was soon pronounced out of danger; although she preserved a kind of gloomy melancholy which for a long time hung over her spirits and retarded her complete recovery. Death and the grave were the subject of all her conversations; she was angry when told that she was better, and would often quarrel with the doctor, and insist upon

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upon it that she felt the approach of her dissolution.

One day, her cousin held a looking-glass to her face—she experienced a violent anger, on seeing that the roses began to revive upon her cheeks ; however, she consented to leave her bed.

Till then, every body had been careful not to mention a word of marriage ; and when Mrs. Rehberg and her cousin renewed their solicitations, Rose again fell into the same state of languor, which had occasioned her illness, though not accompanied with the same alarming symptoms. She could no longer doubt that she was beloved by Lewis, and felt the greatest desire to be reconciled to him. In order, therefore, to discountenance every proposal that was made.

made in behalf of the counsellor, she counterfeited a more serious indisposition than she really felt; she had a violent head-ach; she was tormented with the ague, and, to prove how very unwell she was, she kept her bed for the greatest part of the day.

Every moment, she thought Lewis was going to make his appearance; she inquired for him, but in vain; nobody could tell where he was; Mr. Burckard alone knew the place of his retreat, but would not reveal it to any one.

Notwithstanding all Mrs. Rehberg's indulgence, Rose's conduct became insupportable; she would not marry counsellor Lauter, and yet durst not express a positive refusal. The reasons she gave were so vague and extravagant, that they gave rise to some violent altercations

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tions between the aunt and niece; the former said that Rose's behaviour was no better than downright coquetry, as it appeared that she did not want wholly to dismiss the counsellor, but let the worst come to the worst, she would have him at last, should she fail in regaining the love of Lewis.

Mr. Lauter, who loved Rose almost as much as his own person, became seriously angry at these interminable delays, and considered them as so many insults. He entreated miss Kellner to have pity upon him, and to consent to his happiness. Rose assured him that was impossible. He then proposed to give her a fortnight to reflect, to which our heroine readily agreed, considering this as a condescension that was due to that honest

man. She did not wish to offend him, by thus abruptly breaking off the ties that in a manner bound her to him ; but still persisted in declaring to her friends that nothing in the world should prevail upon her to complete the marriage with her affianced lover.

The effect of all this was that every thing was left to chance, and the concurrence of circumstances ; they all waited with impatience till the expiration of the period granted. Rose was in hopes that, in the interval, the counsellor would get completely tired ; while Mr. Lauter considered miss Kellner's disgust as the consequence of her illness, and thought, with his mother and Mrs. Rehberg, that all this sort of childishness would shortly be at an end.

Mrs. Seeberg began likewise to be
of

of Rose's opinion, and to look upon Lewis as a madman. She was not thoroughly acquainted with the nature of the accusations which her niece thought she had to bring against the friend of her infancy ; but, from some expressions which had fallen from her mouth, and, in particular, from the recital of some few adventures at Cassel, she was led to believe that Lewis was not quite so innocent as his father pretended him to be. This gave rise to some altercations between her, Mrs. Burckard, and Mrs. Walkers. In short, they became so very warm and serious, that Mrs. Seeburg discontinued her visits to her neighbours.

CHAP. XII.

INCONSTANCY.—SOPHOCLES.

MARY had perfected her education in the society of Mr. Burckard and Mr. Muller. She had just lost her child, and had devoted herself entirely to the instruction of youth. She took a pleasure in attending Muller's lessons, and failed not in turning them to her advantage, that she might repeat to the young girls confided to her care whatever might prove useful to their minds and morals. Muller, on his part, felt equally happy in assisting Mary in her functions, in which she displayed as much gentleness as skill and ingenuity. He was acquaint-

acquainted with miss Sievers' story, and would sometimes form a secret wish that Sellhoff might be inconstant, as every appearance seemed to denote it.

Often, when seated by Mary, who was reading aloud to her pupils, would he fix his eyes upon her, without daring to utter a word. Mary observed it, blushed, and stammered over the page, without understanding the meaning of the words. Old Burckard laughed when he saw them thus together.

"Would to God!" said he to them one day, "that in every school of instruction, all the masters and mistresses were united as you are!" Miss Sievers felt confused at this observation; their familiarity seemed to decrease; but this coldness lasted not more than twenty-four hours.

Old

Old rector Kellner came likewise to visit Mr. Burckard, whom he called the most admirable of men. He did not hesitate in likening him in many respects to Socrates, Xantippe excepted, a restriction which the old man made less through a sentiment of gallantry to Mr. Burckard, than out of regard to truth. In one of his visits, he could not help expressing the satisfaction he felt at seeing the harmony which subsisted between Muller and Mary. "I wish," said he, "that you were husband and wife; your children would be brought up in that ancient simplicity, which the corruption of our morals has banished from society." The two lovers, or rather, the two friends (for it is not yet time to betray their secrets) kept silence. Mr. Burckard spoke much to
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the same purpose as the rector; and their conversation did but increase the embarrassment of Muller and Mary.

The latter, as we have sufficiently insinuated, was nowise an enemy to the young man; but she could not detach herself from Sellhoff, whom she believed more unfortunate than unfaithful. She could not attribute his silence to any other cause but superior force. Mr. Burckard had, nevertheless, conceived a design to marry her to Muller, and he desired his wife to put a few questions to her on the subject. Mrs. Burckard was pleased at the idea, and, one day being left alone with Mary, she turned the conversation upon the young man. Mary gave him all the praises imaginable. "My good friend," said Mrs. Burckard,
" from

“from what you say, one would think that you have entirely forgot poor Sellhoff.” Mary made no answer, and Mrs. Burckard continued the conversation for some time, the better to prepare what she had to say. “My dear girl,” said she afterwards, “I will not conceal from you that my husband is evidently wishing to see you become the wife of Muller.”—“Have you forgot that I have been a mother?” asked miss Siewers, her eyes full of tears.—“Make yourself easy,” replied Mrs. Burckard, “this is merely an idea of my husband’s; you know him; he will soon give it up.” Mary kept silent. This conversation had given her some trouble, but did not displease her, although she had to lament that a former weakness was an almost insurmountable obstacle

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obstacle to her union with Muller. Mrs. Burckard, thinking that any further talk upon the subject would give her pain, immediately put an end to it, but Mary would have given the world to have it continued. Two whole hours did she stay at work, in hopes that the subject would be renewed; but in vain; Mrs. Burckard did not think there was the least probability of success.

Never till then had Mary opened her heart to Muller. In his presence she experienced the greatest embarrassment; if he looked at her, if he pressed her hand in his, she felt overwhelmed with shame. The confidence made to her by Mrs. Burckard contributed to give still greater force to her sentiments. The image of Muller presented

sented itself to her imagination, in the most lively colours. In her dreams, she would often hear him, burning with the same fire that consumed her, make a declaration of his love: — at other times, observe in his looks the expression of coldness and contempt All these chimeras affected her as much as if they had been real. Sometimes also dreams of the most painful nature came to torment her;—it was Sellhoff justifying his conduct, and reproaching her for her inconstancy. — “Good Heavens!” would she then exclaim, as she started up in her bed, “I am accusing him of infidelity, and it is I am unfaithful!”

Impelled by the blind sentiment that actuated all her actions, she would fly to Muller; but scarcely had she seen

him, when she wanted to avoid his presence ; it was too late, she was forced to stay, and every soft expression he uttered was a thousand daggers to her heart. Muller, who was equally in love with Mary, experienced the same embarrassment ; but to his love was added another sentiment, that of jealousy. How did he envy the ungrateful Sellhoff the happiness of possessing the whole heart of his mistress, while he, notwithstanding all his attentions, and all the sincerity of his passion, received not the least return of affection ! At last, however, he ventured to stammer a sort of declaration. Mary burst into tears, and a long time elapsed before she could return any answer. " No, no," cried she, when she had recovered her speech, " I never shall be your wife ;

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wife; I am doomed to infamy and
death." Another idea still added to
her misery; she thought of Sellhoff, and
reflected that she had been on the
point of perjuring herself. "Ah!" said
she to herself, "neither Sellhoff, nor
Müller can be my husband; love for-
bids the one, and duty the other."

This resolution restored peace to her
agitated bosom, and the arrival of a
third person put an end to the tête-à-
tête. From that moment, she felt more
calm, and was no longer tormented by
those painful dreams that had long dis-
turbed her slumbers. This change was
the effect of the firm determination she
had taken of forgetting both her former
lover and her new passion.

The rector came, some few days
after, to see Mr. Burckard, whom he
found

found speaking with some degree of anger about the vain attempts made upon Mary's mind. "I am afraid," said the latter, "some explanation has taken place between the young folks, and that 'tis all Muller's fault, who will not consent to marry her."—"Tantopejus!" cried the old man. "I should have thought Muller had more philosophy than that, and I would advise him to read his authors with a little more attention. Sophocles says, somewhere, *Ode nothos tois gnēsiois ison sthenei: opān gur to thrēston gnēsian echei phastin*. In latin, *Omne utile ingenium habet naturam*. You see what it is not to peruse the ancients."

"But, doctor," said Mrs. Walkers, "give me leave to make one observation: this Mr. *Socofles*, like all Frenchmen,

men, may consider things a little too lightly."—Never did the rector fly into such a passion as he did on hearing Sophocles eated in that manner. "*Ti phés !*" he exclaimed, "why have we not in Germany, as well as in Greece, a *Gyneceum*, to shut up the women and rid us of their silly prattle? How can you call the greatest and most sensible of the Grecian authors—after Plato and Socrates—a Frenchman?—that immortal man, who, in his divine tragedies, has given us such grand principles of morality!"

The grandmother, at the beginning of this apostrophe, had felt a degree of remorse, and thought that *Socrates* was some great personage; but, when she heard the rector talk of theatres and tragedies, she interrupted him, saying,

"Good God! sir, how great an actor soever the gentleman you speak of may have been, does it follow that honest folks should be directed by the principles held out by people of that sort?" The rector was foaming with rage. "I see very well," said he, turning to Mr. Burckard, "that you are another Socrates, in every sense of the word; you are not even exempt from the domestic storms he had to encounter." So saying, he abruptly left the room. Mr. Burckard followed him, and succeeded in appeasing his anger, by asking pardon for his mother's want of respect to Sophocles. They afterwards conversed together on the most proper means of bringing about the desired union.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

RECIPROCAL INFIDELITY.

SOME of our readers may perhaps wonder at the silence we have kept in regard to Sellhoff. Indeed, we have little to say about him, and that not much to his honour. We shall, however, now return to him, at his uncle's in Magdebourg. He wrote two or three very affectionate letters to Mary, but forgot to put them into the post; his passion grew cooler every day; and, after a short time, he thought no more of the unfortunate girl he had seduced. Some few days after his arrival, he was introduced into the family of a commis-

sary at war. He met with a very good reception, and was invited to renew his visit. Although he had but lately left the gymnasium, yet he possessed in a high degree the art of making himself welcome in any company; he could play at all manner of games, repeat a story or a bon-mot, and put every body into good humour by his mirth and facetiousness.

Sellhoff did not want much pressing; for, miss Anna, the commissary's eldest daughter, had made a lively impression upon his heart. In order, therefore, to render her favourable to his love, he failed not to make a general display of his little talents. His pockets were always full of curious things that served him to play his tricks; he could show the magic lanthorn, and imitate the
tone

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tone and language of those wandering people who make it a resource, whereby to earn their subsistence. In short, he would have made those men expire with laughing, who glory in being half German and half French, and know of no other sort of gaiety than that which is manifested by the loud bursts of immoderate laughter.

Thus then did Sellhoff become the friend, the adored friend of the Reimann family. Miss Anna, in particular, was excessively fond of him. He always accompanied her and her sisters to concerts and public walks, and she thought it an honour to be seen giving the arm to a young man who was so well made, and so very elegantly dressed. Sellhoff, therefore, wrote no more to Mary; but, on the other hand, sent the

was odd enough, to be sure!

most tender and passionate billet-doux to miss Anna. When left alone with her, his conversation exhibited the most philosophical maxims and the purest morality. He discoursed upon love like Plato himself, and inveighed against those who considered that sublime sentiment merely as the transient satisfaction of a shameful appetite. Thus did Sellhoff succeed in gaining the heart of miss Anna Reimann, whom he found perfectly disposed to subscribe to all his reasonings.

The commissary at war was one of those men, so frequently to be met with, having neither virtues nor vices, who would not do an injury to any one, but would not take the least trouble to serve a fellow-creature. He had many friends, because he kept open table.

6

For

For the rest, he had no debts, and never meddled with the education of his children, leaving it entirely to the different masters that were provided for them. He read but very seldom, and then only some novel or romance; and, as in these he had met with this maxim, that young people ought not to be put under restraint, and that innocence was most in danger, when watched over with too much care, he left Anna entire mistress of her own actions. But he did not consider that those books only speak of that rigorous restraint reprobated both by reason and humanity; and that it does not follow that a young person should thus be left to herself, in the midst of a world that presents a continual spectacle of intrigue, disorder, and libertinism. However, al-

though she enjoyed such an unlimited freedom, the tongue of slander could mention against Anna no more than two or three little adventures, and even these had not made any very great noise in the world.

She found Sellhoff very amiable, and told her father so. Mr. Reinhardt saw in the young man an excellent match for his daughter, and approved her inclination; and the young lady used the best means for securing her victory. She signed à-propos, cast down her eyes when she was looked at, uttered some inarticulate words and incoherent sentences; and, as Sellhoff, on his part, used every endeavour to conquer her, it was not long before they perceived the success of their schemes. Yet Sellhoff felt some remorse. The image of
Mary

Mary would sometimes steal into his
 mind and disturb him in the midst of
 his illusions. "Mary," would be then
 exclaim, "is an obstacle to the com-
 pletion of my wishes. I am the father
 of her child; I cannot marry another.
 but I never can be happy with Mary
 . . . Why? . . . I shall shortly be of age,
 and, therefore, in possession of my for-
 tune, and master of my actions. . . . But
 the world is . . . But a marriage below
 my rank. . . . prejudice. . . . No, I can-
 not marry her. . . . Mary cannot be my
 wife."

These reflections were a severe draw-
 back on his pleasures; nevertheless he
 plunged into them with the greatest ar-
 dour, and, at length, got entirely re-
 conciled to the idea of his perfidy. On
 another hand, Mary, tired of continually
 writing

writing to him, without even receiving any answer, had taken the wise determination of remaining silent; and he was unjust enough to be angry, and to think himself authorized in breaking the ties that bound him to that unfortunate girl. In short, having no longer any scruples, he begged his uncle to ask for him the hand of miss Reimann. The commissary at war agreed with joy to the proposal, but required that, before the nuptials should take place, Sellhoff should be put in possession of an employment, which his relations were soliciting for him. In order to this, the protection of Mr. Berghorn became extremely important. Sellhoff was therefore presented to him, and recommended as an active, intelligent young man, whose qualities and know-

ledge.

ledge would prove him a valuable acquisition.

When Sellhoff paid his first visit to Mr. Berghorn, Lewis was not present; he was gone on a little excursion, where he was detained several days.

Sellhoff and Mr. Berghorn were pleased with each other; the old man promised to take care that his young friend should not be disappointed in his expectations, and moreover invited him to repeat his visit.

When Lewis came back, and was told that Sellhoff had been there during his absence, he was sorry he had not been able to see the friend of his infancy. Some time after, Sellhoff again waited on Mr. Berghorn, and the two friends flew into each other's arms.— One of the first questions which Lewis asked

asked was, when Sellhoff had heard from Mary; and upon what terms they now stood. Sellhoff was not a little puzzled for an answer; he gave an evasive one; and, in his turn, asked Burckard whether he was yet married to Rose. Lewis could only answer by a sigh. "My good friend," replied Sellhoff, "I see that we have both been unlucky in our first amours. Let us not, by idle questions, renew a wound which is but hardly healed." As our hero was, to learn the causes of Sellhoff's indifference towards Mary, he forbore to urge his inquiries too far, lest he himself should be obliged, in return, to show a painful confidence. He thought his own misfortune certain. He was ignorant of Rose's illness, and the

the indefinite delay of her marriage: he had not a doubt that she was already the wife of counsellor Lauter. To the effervescence of his passion, had succeeded an apathy, a listlessness, a disgust, with regard to every thing that concerned himself. He retained no other interest in life, than the pleasure of spreading benefits, and solacing misfortune.

This silence was not, however, of long duration. One day, as he was walking with him in the garden, Selbsthoff explained to Lewis the object of his journey. "My friends," said he, "are unwilling that I should marry, before I have obtained a post that may give me some consideration in the world."

"Good

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Lewis, "how I rejoice for Mary!—It was the finger of Providence itself that directed you to Mr. Berghorn, to the end that, through my mediation, you might repossess yourself of her! Oh! Sellhoff, how happy you will be! what delight the prospect of your happiness gives me!"

Sellhoff, thunderstruck by these words, for which he was totally unprepared, and which he had so indiscreetly elicited, remained mute and thoughtful; while Lewis continued to reiterate the blows of a dagger, as it were, in his heart, by painting the felicity he would enjoy with Mary, a girl of so much sweetness, so much goodness of disposition. So strongly, in

deed,

dead, did the latter represent the elegance of her mind, matured by education; that he felt alarmed at the precipitation with which his advances to miss Reimann had been made; he felt the imperfectly extinguished fires of his former passion revive. His embarrassment and uneasiness increased: he dared not lift his eyes to Lewis; his thoughts ran on the discovery of an expedient, but none presented itself, that might flatter him with the possibility of disengaging himself from Mary. He attempted to stammer out a few words, and begin a confidence; but Lewis was so full of his subject, that he allowed him no time to speak; and if it be true that the comments of the latter were not very agreeable to his ears, their length, at least, afforded him some grati-

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gratification, by retarding an explanation which he feared,

There was reserved for him a still more terrible trial. In order to render him his promised service, Mr. Berghorn had occasion to communicate with some person at Magdeburg; and, having other business at the same place, he resolved to go in person, rather than send a letter. That the two friends might not be separated, he made Lewis of the party. Sellhoff, who always behaved to him with attention, introduced him to his family, and even to the commissary at war, Reimann.

In consequence, he was invited, as well as Mr. Berghorn, to dinner. During the meal, Mr. Reimann fell into conversation, and thus addressed himself to Berghorn: "Sir, I beg leave to say,
for

for myself; that I am infinitely obliged by the exertions you have made, in favour of young Sellhoff. The hope we entertain of his success, will hasten his marriage with my daughter."

Sellhoff turned pale. As for Lewis, he thought that he had mistaken the sense of the remark; and the confusion of his friend confirmed the idea.

"Is that possible?" cried he, with agitation.

Anna cast a look on Sellhoff, which testified her disquietude and surprize; and our hero, observing her with more attention, perceived that she bore a distant resemblance to Rose. This discovery induced a train of troubled thoughts, in which he lost his first subject of reflection. He could not repress a sigh; and Mr. Berghorn, who had often

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often seen Lewis in the company of ladies, and witnessed his remarkable coldness, was peculiarly struck with his emotion.

“Is it possible?” repeated Lewis, who recovered his first idea, and who had reason to be indignant at the inconsistency of his friend; and, immediately perceiving the effects of his behaviour, rose, and left the table.

Scarcely was he out of the room, than he found himself at a loss, as to what line of conduct he should pursue. At one instant, he was for returning, and reproaching Sellhoff with his ingratitude; at another, he resolved to leave him in merited contempt. He closed with this last design, and walked to his hotel. Mr. Berghorn speedily followed him: “My dear friend,” said the

the old gentleman, "what is the matter with you? Are you seriously, thus agitated?"—

"I have great cause," replied Lewis: "that young lady—has so much likeness to Rose, to her I love.—Come, let us go; I am really more tranquil;—I will rejoin the party;—I will make an apology: I will pretend an indisposition."

He did so; and Mr. Berghorn, who thought he knew the true and only motive of his conduct, took care to place him near miss Reimann. The lady, forewarned by Sellhoff of the oddities of the stranger, eyed him with attention; and Mr. Berghorn, perceiving that his young friend was again wholly lost in thought, judged it proper to explain a demeanour which, notwithstanding

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standing. Lewis' excuse, appeared altogether unnatural. He informed the company, that miss Reimann happened to bear a strong resemblance to miss Kellner, an old love of Mr. Burckard's; and that this similarity had awakened, in the mind of the latter, the most afflicting recollections. "This young man," added he, "has received an education very different from that of all others. He is accustomed never to conceal the faintest sentiment of his heart."

The explanation was so flattering to Anna, that she received it without hesitation. Sellhoff, alone, remained unsatisfied. He feared that there would follow an *éclaircissement* of the most perplexing nature.

Lewis, still a prey to unabated melancholy,

lancholy, retired to his chamber; Sellhoff, almost involuntarily, followed him thither, and threw himself into his arms: "Sellhoff," said Lewis, "is what I have heard possible?"

"I conjure you," returned Sellhoff, "to speak to no one of my former adventures. My evil genius has persecuted me from my infancy; he has thrown me, without intermission, into new dangers, and new difficulties. It is too clearly demonstrated, that Mary has abandoned me.—I have given way to reflection.—The flame which caused my infatuation, and the blindness of a first love, has decayed.—Miss Reimann has honoured me with some distinction. Her fortune, and the reputation of my family, open to me a brilliant career.

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Make the comparison, then, and judge for me. What ought I to do?"

Lewis was ignorant, at this juncture, that Mary's child was dead: "Sellhoff!" said he, "*she* is a mother; *you* a father. O, my friend, do not force me to plead with you, the rights of her who ought to be your wife! When I screened you from the rage of your tutor, when I rescued Mary from his persecutions, it was not only for her, but for you, also, that I laboured. You force me to speak of this service:—and it is you, perhaps, who are the sole cause of my misfortunes. Yes, it was for you I braved the anger and jealousy of Rose; for you, that I gave shelter to your love; that I declared myself the father of your boy. When I sought the honest

father

father of Mary, and discovered to him the condition of his child, I promised,—to console him under his misfortune,—I promised, in your name, that you would be faithful; that you would marry her.—Oh! do not commit this scandalous action.”

“Alas! what am I to do?” returned Sellhoff, stammering.

“You have not a choice! You must go instantly to your love, and say to her:—I was on the point of rendering you wretched for ever; of overwhelming with dishonour the most faithful of women: I am the father of your child; to-morrow, I shall be your husband.—My friend,” added he, “it racks me to use this language; but I must.—”

"It is impossible," interrupted Sellhoff.

"And why impossible?"

"Honour—"

"Have you honour, then, left to lose? On the contrary, your task is to recover it."—

"But, my dear Lewis, I am too far advanced. I have asked miss Reimann in marriage; her father has consented; the day is almost fixed for our wedding. Will it be decent in me to withdraw?"

"You are much farther advanced with Mary.——"

"All that I can do, is to gain time: perhaps some event will happen——"

"Excellent! Deceive miss Reimann, as you have deceived Mary!—

Why

Why not act frankly and straight forward? That is what I should do, on a similar occasion. Shall I open the matter for you?

Sellhoff, terrified at his situation, repeated his intreaties that Lewis would maintain an inviolable silence. Our hero, seeing that it was not possible to make an impression on him, added several reproaches, which, however, were as unsuccessful as his remonstrances. When Sellhoff was about to retire, Lewis detained him an instant, and said, "I have suffered myself, perhaps, to be hurried away by the excess of my zeal; but make a good use of your own reflections, and you will not only forgive me, but follow my advice."

The next day, Lewis went to the house of commissary Reimann, according

to an invitation he had received. He found a large company assembled. At first, he was disposed to retire ; but he remained, because he had formed a resolution to obtain a private conversation with Anna, in which to make her acquainted with Sellhoff's connection with Mary, and demonstrate to her, the impossibility that she should become his wife. After dinner, he was seated near her. He looked at her with an expression of kindness, to inspire her with confidence ; pressed her hand ; and said a multitude of agreeable things. Anna, extremely flattered by these attentions, imagined that she had made a conquest of Burckard, and suffered him to lead her into an adjoining room. There, she anticipated a declaration of love ; an homage the more glorious

glorious to herself, because of that insensibility of Lewis which had reached her ears: but what was her surprise, when, with the most serious air, he addressed her in these words: "Madam, you are engaged, I understand, to Sellhoff?" Anna made no reply; and Lewis, as was natural, received her silence as an affirmative: "Alas!" continued he, "I see, with sorrow, that you will, indeed, become his wife,"—"Mr. Burkard," interrupted miss Reimann, "tell me, I beg of you, to what this language tends."—"He is the husband of another."—"It is a calumny! an imposture!"—So saying, she made a courtesy, and returned to the saloon. Lewis followed her closely, led her to a corner of the room, and

CHAPTER IV. — "I have said,"

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said, "I repeat it to you — Sellhoff is bound by other vows.—"

"Leave me, sir!"

"I will not leave you."

Anna renewed her entreaty aloud, and Lewis exclaimed, "You must absolutely hear me; Sellhoff is a traitor, a perjurer!"

Lewis had now drawn the attention of the company, and the occasion of his vehemence was demanded. He explained himself in few words; and a malignant smile displayed itself in the countenance of every guest.

"You are a wicked man," cried miss Reimann. "Let me tell you, that Sellhoff is wholly free."

"Are you aware, sir," said the father, "that you may bring yourself into disagreeable circumstances?"

"Sir,

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"Sir, Sellhoff's son is living. If you please, he shall be here to-morrow, together with his mother, who is one of the most respectable women I know."

"Oh, vastly respectable!" rejoined Anna, bursting into laughter. "You give us a very complete idea of that!"

"No contempt: it was Sellhoff who seduced Mary; and it is for him to expiate his own crime.—I perceive, farther, madam, that, with regard to you, I have deceived myself in my estimate."

He turned his back, and was about to leave the house: "One instant more, sir," said the commissary at war: "Has Sellhoff's pretended child been baptized under his name?"

"No, sir, replied Lewis coolly.

"That is enough! you may be gone,

K 5

sir;

sir ; let the girl compel, if she will, the reputed father of her child to marry her."

"It is myself whom the magistrate has recognized as its father."—

"You! and why did you not deny it?"

"I acknowledged it, freely and voluntarily."

"Ha! ha!" cried Mr. Reimann, laughing, "you are in the right, then, to find a husband for this virtuous girl—I begin to see why you take up her interest so warmly."

Anna, and all the company, indulged themselves in laughter; and our indignant hero retired, displaying every symptom of rage.

After his departure, the conversation turned upon the absurdity of his story

Some

Some observations from Anna convinced every one that he had fallen in love with herself, and that his passion had turned his brain. Be the case as it might, Lewis, and poor Mary herself, were inexhaustible sources of jest and sarcasm.

In the evening, Anna wrote to Sellhoff, requiring an explanation relative to the infant of whom his friend imputed to him the paternity; and waited his answer with impatience.

CHAP. XIV.

THE HEROISM OF FRIENDSHIP.

ON his way from the commissary's, Burckard's animosity towards Sellhoff gradually abated. The friendship he felt for him was too lively to suffer him to cause his unhappiness. He determined to say nothing to Mr. Berghorn: he lamented Mary's misfortunes; but he felicitated himself, nevertheless, that Sellhoff's inconstancy had manifested itself before, rather than after, his marriage with her: for, in the latter case, their mutual misery would have been without resource. He wished to go to Ellburg, and prepare Mary for the disastrous

astrous news; but he knew not in what terms to develope his errand.

On the morrow, he visited Sellhoff. In accosting him, he could not avoid casting a look of contempt and disdain. Sellhoff observed, with embarrassment,—“You have been at Mr. Reimann’s.”

“Yes; I have received a new conviction of your perfidy!”

“You wish to weigh me down with despair.”

“What! can you be more wretched than you are? In your place, I should sink under my own shame.—”

“Will you speak of all this to Mr. Berghorn? I am lost if he discover my adventure with Miss Sievers.”

“No: I shall hold my tongue. Mary is abundantly fortunate, to be released from

from a man destitute of faith and honour; a man whose infidelity would have embittered her whole existence."

This energetic language petrified Sellhoff. He could frame no reply; he scarcely dared to look up. When Lewis left him, he was not more at ease. Mr. Berghorn waited for him; and he dared not meet his eyes. He wrote to him, and affected illness. He could not, however, avoid meeting him the next day, with all Reimann's family, at dinner. There, he expected some rebuke from Lewis; but the latter did not make him the subject of one unpleasant expression. He was penetrated with admiration and gratitude.

Forced to give a categorical reply to Anna's question, Sellhoff had recourse
to

to evasion and ambiguity. He wrote to her, that Lewis had actually declared himself the father of Mary's child; but without entering into any particulars; and especially without defining, in what degree this avowal was correct.

Anna, interpreting this message in the perfidious sense which it seemed to convey, loaded the accused calumniator with reproaches. She assured Sellhoff of the horror with which she was filled by his conduct; but the latter begged her not to utter her censures too loudly. He gave her to understand, that Lewis had considerable influence over the mind of Mr. Berghorn, whom he could induce to believe any thing he desired.

In the meantime, Mr. Berghorn discovered a very evident coolness between

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tween the two friends, and inquired the cause. "I cannot tell you," said Lewis:—"I do not hate Sellhoff—but our intimacy is at an end—has not ceased to exist."

These replies, which contradicted each other, struck Mr. Berghorn, and confirmed an idea which he had received at Mr. Reimann's, that Burckard was the entire slave of a passion for Anna. It was not, however, that the commissary was insensible to the arguments of Sellhoff, or incautious in abstaining from explanation: on the contrary, he took every opportunity to whet Mr. Berghorn's curiosity by sallies of half-confidence, and by injurious suggestions, a thousand times more dangerous than the false imputation of the most atrocious action.

Suspi-

Suspicious, thus excited, induced Mr. Berghorn to seek an elucidation from Sellhoff; and the traitor repaid, with the blackest ingratitude, the noble generosity of Lewis. He repeated to his patron, what he had previously told Reimann and his family.

“Gracious Heaven!” cried Mr. Berghorn, “can Burckard be so complete an hypocrite and impostor!”

Sellhoff replied only by sighs and tears. As he proceeded to reflect, Mr. Berghorn found himself unable to give credit to the story, however probable it appeared. He desired to see the magisterial documents. Sellhoff informed him, that nothing could be more easy: it was only to write to the burgomaster of Ellburg. Mr. Berghorn requested him to make the inquiry himself.

himself. This commission, of which the ungrateful friend of Burckard, now gone too far, could not refuse the execution, yet made him shudder. He took the pen with a trembling hand, and traced out an eternal monument of his disgrace. When he presented the letter to Mr. Berghorn, he inwardly writhed with the most agonizing remorse. He was scarcely able to prevent himself from tearing the iniquitous paper into a thousand pieces; from throwing himself on his knees, and acknowledging his villainy; but the voices of interest and of pride were so loud, and he was contented only to bind, by new promises, the secrecy of the misguided old man. "Never reveal to Lewis," said he, "the confidence I have reposed. It involves the future

tran-

tranquillity of my life.”—“Generous young man !” cried Mr. Berghorn, pressing his hand, notwithstanding the efforts he made to escape the unmerited testimony of affection.

Sellhoff withdrew, too much bewildered to determine his steps. Instead of descending the staircase, he entered, without consciousness, the chamber of Lewis. The countenance of him against whom he had, the preceding instant, committed the basest treason, appalled every sense afresh. “O, Lewis!” he cried, almost inarticulately, “I am a wretch !—I am well punished for my crimes !—God grant that you may never know their whole extent !”

He approached the reading-desk of his friend, and saw Lessing’s tragedy of *Emilia Galotti*. The book was
open ;

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open; his eye caught this impressive passage: '*Lass dich den teufel bei einem haare fassen, und du bist auf ewig sein*'*.

He applied the thought; read it aloud with terror; and instantly took flight. He went to seek tranquillity in the conversation of Anna; but what was to sooth a heart wrung by the torments of conscience; a heart that momentarily reproached itself with having sacrificed friendship and gratitude to a sentiment of false honour?

It will be readily supposed, that the burgomaster of Ellburg, an enemy to the Burckard family, did not hesitate to send even the original papers themselves, that were connected with the

* 'If the devil catch thee only by a hair, thou belongest to him eternally.'

sub-

subject on which he was interrogated. He took care to add an explicatory letter, by no means calculated to remove the unfortunate impression it was their nature to make. Sellhoff read this, and had to sustain another combat with himself. Delicacy did not gain the victory: he carried the fatal paper to Mr. Berghorn. The benignant man shed tears upon this apparent proof of Lewis' falsehood and dissimulation. "What!" cried he, "I have loved this young man; I have afforded him an asylum under my roof; and, at last, in spite of myself, I am constrained to acknowledge his unworthiness! It is plain, then, that there is no real virtue upon earth!"

"I have promised you to be silent," added he, grasping Sellhoff's hand in his;

his; "I will be so: I will exert myself, besides, to forget the past." He tore the papers.

Sellhoff threw himself at his feet, resolved to confess the whole: "No," said Mr. Berghorn, "leave me; all supplications are useless; I will never forgive Lewis." — Sellhoff, recovered from his first emotion, made no reply.

The same evening, Lewis visited Mr. Berghorn: "Ah, sir," said he, "you do not receive me as you was wont! Have I, unintentionally, offended you?"

"My son," replied Mr. Berghorn, who took pleasure in calling him by that name, "I have loved you,—you know it; I feel that I love you still. My design is to bequeath you every thing I am worth;—but, I confess it to you, I have no longer the same
con-

confidence in you—the same admiration.—”

“ Good God ! if I have lost your friendship, what use have I for your riches ? ”

“ I must open my whole soul.—You have endeavoured to thwart the welfare of Sellhoff. Urged by I know not what principle, or what interest, you have attributed to him a child that is your own :—I have seen the public documents.”

“ Sir,” replied Lewis, coolly, “ you do not know me. We must separate : Adieu.”

“ Answer, answer my question—(I have violated my promise, through the fear of being guilty of injustice) : Are you the father of Mary’s child ? ”

“ Adieu !

“Adieu ! adieu !” cried Lewis, in tears ; and left the room.

This new baseness of Sellhoff affected him to the heart : “ See,” said he, “ to what disorders love may lead ! That which Rose inspires in myself, is too pure, too noble, to bring me to such infamy as this. Sellhoff’s is not, because its source is less generous, less vivid : I will not lay the foundation of his misery ; I will not heap upon him the brimming measure of calamity.— Time may regain me the friendship of Mr. Berghorn ; but nothing can supply to Sellhoff the place of his illusive passion.”

While he was in his chamber, preparing for his departure, Mr. Berghorn sought him out, and made one more effort

effort for a reconciliation. He asked for a candid statement of his connection with Mary? Burckard, without emotion, replied, " My conduct will soon show my innocence, or my guilt. If I am guilty, immediately on my arrival at Ellburg I shall marry Mary; if I do not marry her, that will be the surest proof of my innocence."—

" You will marry Mary, then?"

In place of all reply, Lewis threw himself into Mr. Berghorn's arms, and embraced him tenderly; then, quitting the house, he mounted his horse. His servant followed, with his baggage.— Sellhoff was at the window, and saw him pass: " Burckard!" cried he, " Burckard, hear me!"—Lewis clapped his spurs, and was on the high-road in an instant.

CHAP. XV.

AN AFFLICTING DISCOVERY, FOR PERSONS LESS DISINTERESTED THAN OUR HERO.

ON the evening of the next day, young Burckard arrived at a little village, the inns of which were so indifferent, that he had much trouble in finding a bed. A man of very decent appearance accosted him, and said, that, though not in the habit of lodging travellers, he had, nevertheless, a chamber at his service; and that he would immediately procure all necessary refreshments.

Burckard, who wished for nothing better,

better, supped with the little family. His hosts, Werner and his wife, gave him the kindest welcome, and lavished their attentions. They related to him a part of their history : they had formerly been in easy circumstances ; but failures had reduced their property to merely the small house they occupied. In the course of conversation, they asked Lewis his name. He replied, that he was called Lewis Burckard.

“ Burckard !” cried Mr. Werner, “ I knew a very honest man of that name : he was a sort of misanthrope : he could never rest in a place ; he was always travelling. I knew him at Amsterdam, previously to a voyage that he made to the West-Indies. My wife’s father lent him ten thousand crowns, upon his bond ; but, he being dead, his execu-

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tors have been rather negligent in seeking for Mr. Burckard. Nobody knows what is become of him ; and we regard the money as lost, because Mr. Burckard himself would not be able to obtain any account of his creditor, whom misfortune forced to quit Amsterdam."

This discourse filled Lewis with amazement. " Of what place," said he, " was this Mr. Burckard ?"

" Of Ellburg."

" Ah, it is him ! God be thanked, it is him ! My father is your debtor. How much pleasure he will have in discharging the debt ! I have often heard him lament that he did not know to whom to apply."

This intelligence excited an inexpressible sensation in the breasts of Mr. Werner and his family : " Is your father
then

then rich?" cried the good villager. "Can he, without distressing himself, pay so considerable a sum? Yes, if we cannot become rich but by the ruin of that worthy man, I had a thousand times rather destroy the paper."

"Thank God!" cried Lewis, "my father is in good circumstances. He will easily pay you."

Mr. Werner, transported with joy, ran to his desk, and took from a port-folio, the precious writing upon which depended all the fortune of himself and of his family. Our hero noted down the particulars, and, at break of day, continued his journey.

He flew to Ellburg, which he approached, nevertheless, with sadness of heart, fully persuaded that he was going to hear of the marriage of Rose; and,

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as true love does not confine itself to a vile egotistical sensation, as it leads us to desire the happiness of the object loved, whatever be the fate reserved for ourselves, he feared that she should not be happy with counsellor Lauter; that their tempers were not united by an harmonious sympathy. In passing Mrs. Seeburg's house, he perceived that the windows were closed; whence he concluded that she was at Brunswick, with her niece—and her nephew.

He found Mary at the house-door: "Mr. Burckard!" cried she, "at last, you are returned!" She threw herself into his arms. Our hero regarded her with a sigh: what news, alas! he had to tell her! They ascended to Mr. Burckard's room, where they found all the family together. Let the joy of

Lewis

Lewis and his parents be imagined: it was at the end of the longest absence they had ever suffered.

All the day passed in reciprocal and reiterated felicitations. Toward evening, Mrs. Walkers read her grandson a tender lecture, on his adventures at Pymont. She reproached him with having two mistresses at once; but he disculpated himself without difficulty. "Alas!" continued the grandmother, "my poor boy, I shall never see him settled! It is the fault of Rose—of that wicked girl!"

"Of that wicked girl!" repeated Lewis: "Is she not married, then?"

"No, certainly;—and this has scandalized all the town."

"What do you say, mother?"

"No one has been more angry than
L 4 the

the milliner, who has lost the pleasure of decorating her head-dress on the wedding-day: but did you not know all this?"

"It is the first I have heard of it."

"That is your father's fault. He has not allowed us to speak of Rose in our letters, lest we should renew your grief."

"And what, then, is the cause of the rupture?"

"At first, miss Kellner pretended to be ill; afterward, she required time; and, yesterday, she formally declared that she revoked her consent to the marriage. Mrs. Seeburg is gone to her, at Brunswick."

"How happy I am!"

"Do not blind yourself, my son: this Rose is a vain girl, that has absolutely

lutely no love for any one but herself. She never had any for you, nor for counsellor Lauter. Happily, she will be the first sufferer by this coquetry: I predict, that the day will come, when she shall find one like herself."

Mr. Burckard joined the conversation, and observed that Rose's conduct was not so unreasonable as it seemed. Lewis' two mistresses, and his duel, had, from the first, appeared to him as forged stories; "but it must be confessed, my son," added he, "that appearances were against you. If you had selected your acquaintance properly, all this would never have happened. Unfortunately, this knowledge of the world, this science of good and evil, does not depend upon education. There is no theory that can provide against

the inconveniences of ignorance. Experience, alone, can give you useful lessons. My son, your education is now complete. You have become conversant in society—its rocks, and its dangers; nothing remains for the future, but that you enjoy the fruits of your observation. All the scenes of life resemble each other; at least, in their ground-work; and he that has witnessed one, has witnessed, all.”

Lewis continued to talk of Rose; hope was re-animated in his breast: how much, then, must he have suffered from the reproaches, and even unjust reflections, which Mrs. Walkers continued to heap upon our heroine; who, not less than Lewis, was the victim of untoward circumstances! But, he misread the heart of his grandmother: what
 ever

ever anger she betrayed against miss Kellner—nay, though she vowed that she would never see her again—the greatest pleasure she could have enjoyed, would have been that of introducing her, suddenly, as by enchantment, and reconciling her with Lewis.

At supper, Lewis secretly slid under his father's plate, the paper which he had transcribed at Werner's. The old man took it up, read it with a serious and thoughtful air; cast a look on his son, and remained silent. After the meal, he made a sign, and led him into his closet: "Whence," said he, "did you bring this bond?—where did you copy it?"—

"O, father!" replied Lewis, "I thought to have given you pleasure, but I see that the reading of that paper

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has rendered you melancholy.”—“My son, I forgive you the heavy stroke you have so unexpectedly let fall upon me ; but you will presently be as much afflicted as myself:—I am ruined.”

“ What ! ruined ?”

“ Yes: my house and lands are scarcely worth this sum ; and these are all that are left of my fortune. We have founded institutions for education, and other objects of benevolence ; and these sort of speculations are not of a nature to enrich us : yourself (it is far from my breast to reproach you), yourself, by your generosity, by the goodness of your breast, have dissipated a great part of my property.—See, then, the misfortune that awaits us!—now, when I am on the brink of the grave ; when your grandmother, laden with
years,

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years, can no longer contribute to our common subsistence !—”

“ But I will work.”

“ My poor child ! what resource can your labour be to us ? The mechanic art that I caused you to learn, can only, at the most, furnish necessaries for yourself alone ; or, supposing you obtain a place, your narrow stipend will not be more productive : we must perish with hunger.—”

“ But the debt is a debt of honour,” said Lewis.

“ I know it :—nevertheless, I am not compellable to liquidate it. The ten thousand crowns were advanced me for a cargo which has been entirely lost. I have only to use finesse and chicanery, to annul the obligation.”

“ Heavens !” cried Lewis, “ I had rather

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rather work night and day, deny myself repose, live on the coarsest food, than you should render yourself open to such a reproach!"

"My son," said Mr. Burckard, with warmth, "I love your noble zeal! I was willing to try you; and I see, with joy, that I am not deceived; that my Lewis is worthy of the education I have given him! Still," continued Mr. Burckard, with emotion, "I will not dissimulate, that this sacrifice, thus imperiously prescribed by honour, will cost us dear. There will scarcely remain to us sufficient for what is strictly necessary. What gives me still more pain, is the irrevocable ruin of every hope of your union with Rosé. The experience I have acquired of the human heart, the minute details that I
have

have procured of all the actions, all the proceedings of miss Kellner, have led me to believe, that her aversion for you has never been real; but this event overturns all the projects that I have formed for your reconciliation. She is not rich; you are no longer so; the fleeting sentiment of love soon gives place to ideas of a more serious nature; and, when the illusion is once destroyed; when people see nothing around them but misery, and the difficulty of rearing their children, the chains of marriage become heavy and insupportable."

Lewis relaxed not at all, in seconding the views of his father with respect to the payment of the bond. What Mr. Burckard said of the impossibility of his aspiring to the hand of Rose, had touched him to the quick; and had even

even drawn forth a reply, but that he was already prepossessed with the idea, that her volatile and capricious character was, itself, an obstacle between them, not to be surmounted.

The next morning, Lewis walked in the garden, speculating on the methods by which he might draw from an honest industry, that maintenance which his patrimony no longer afforded. He saw Mary, and hastened to meet her. After addressing a few unconnected compliments, he said, "I have seen Sellhoff."

Alarmed by this abrupt declaration, Mary became pale. "Where is he? what is he doing?" said she, with the greatest embarrassment.

"Heaven is my witness," said Lewis, "that nothing less than absolute necessity

sity could induce me to resolve on giving you such afflicting news:—Sellhoff is false: he is on the point of marrying."

"I feared that some more deplorable event was in question," returned Mary; "that he was ill; or, perhaps, dead:—in short, my heart is tranquil."

"What!" cried Lewis, "you can pardon him after behaviour so black? O, too generous Mary! the oaths of love are inviolable: scoundrels, alone, can break them! And you! you have been so faithful to this monster!"

Mary felt that she did not deserve this eulogy, and knew not how to reply. Pressed to explain herself, she said, "Alas! I have expected this: Mr. Sellhoff's family would refuse its consent."—

"His

“His family would refuse its consent? How is his family concerned? Does not your child belong to him?”

This question opened in Mary's heart a wound but ill closed. “My child!” cried she.—She was obliged to inform Lewis that the child was dead. Our hero betrayed his astonishment that he had not heard of this before; and our readers are probably not less astonished, that Mr. Burckard, in his correspondence with his son, had left him uninformed of the event. In reality, he had written to this effect; but his letter reached Pyrmont immediately after our hero's departure; and, ever since, he had preserved a perfect silence on the subject. Consolations on his unhappy love for Rose, pressing invitations to Ellburg, and thanks to Mr. Berg-

Berghorn, had become the exclusive topics of all Mr. Burckard's letters to Lewis.

Our hero was filled with sorrow on learning Mary's loss: nevertheless, he saw nothing that could justify the desertion of Sellhoff. "Should you have thought it excusable," said he to Mary, "if you had become unfaithful yourself?"

This question threw Mary into the greatest perplexity. In truth, her inconstancy originated in the neglect and ingratitude of Sellhoff; but she could not find words in which to justify it. She confined herself, therefore, to pleading indirectly in her own cause, by palliating the errors of her old lover. All her arguments could not convince Lewis, who burst into such denunciations

ations against inconstancy, and expressed such abhorrence of perjured lovers, that Mary exclaimed, sobbing, "You have pronounced my own condemnation: — Sellhoff, you say, is a monster; alas! I am not less guilty than he."

Our hero was petrified with surprise. "What do you say, Mary?" cried he.

"Yes, he loves me no longer; nor do I love him."

"O, that is not real inconstancy. Sellhoff has given away a heart that was not his own; you may have forgotten him; but, at the farthest, you do not love another."

The equivoque continued so long, that it ended in a clear understanding. Mary related, with tears and blushes, what was her situation with respect to
Muller;

Muller ; how much she esteemed him ; with what degree of love, even, he had inspired her : but she declared that she would never accept him as a husband ; that she was resolved, through all the rest of her life, to expiate the guilt and shame she had incurred.

“ I rejoice at what I hear ! ” cried Lewis, with enthusiasm. Since Sellhoff has misrated the object of his first choice, he ought not to remain unpunished.— Mary ! I ardently wish that you were instantly married to Muller.”

“ That is impossible.”

“ The impossibility depends upon yourself : all the bonds that united you with Sellhoff are broken ; you are henceforward perfect strangers to each other. I wish that Sellhoff may experience, in his union with that coquet, a
just

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just chastisement: it shall be that of beholding, with the eye of envy, the happiness of the excellent Muller."

Mary wished to detain him; but he left her, and went in search of his father.

CHAP. XVI.

MARY'S MARRIAGE.—THE RECONCILIATION OF TWO OFFENDED LOVERS.
—CONCLUSION.

OUR readers are sufficiently accustomed to the extreme promptitude of both the elder and the younger Burckard in all their affairs, not to be very much surprized, that within two or three days after the conversation which
has

has just been recited, Muller was married to Mary. Both father and son used every exertion to secure them an independent subsistence; for, alas! Mr. Burckard was no longer lord of the village. Already he had begun to treat with various purchasers.

While these events were passing, Rose returned from Brunswick, together with her aunt, Seeburg. The marriage with Mr. Lauter was finally renounced.

Neither of the ladies had yet received any intimation of the change of fortune that had befallen the family of Burckard. Their affliction may be imagined, and that of Rose especially, when they learned that, in a very few days, their neighbours were to resign their possessions to new proprietors.

“Aunt,”

"Aunt," said Rose, "I thought I had no longer loved Lewis; but I now feel that I was mistaken. The deceits of fortune have corrupted his heart; but, now that he is poor, he is, I am confident, changed and repentant."

"Poor people!" cried Mrs. Seeburg, "they have not, perhaps, a morsel of bread left in their house!"

"Good Heaven! can that be true?"

Rose interpreted her aunt's words literally: a cold sweat covered all her limbs; she took some turns in the room, and wrung her hands. Her aunt, perceiving her emotion, inquired what could be the cause, and when she had learned, endeavoured to tranquillize her mind; but Rose paid no attention to any of her arguments. Struck with
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the idea which Mrs. Seeburg had suggested, her soul could receive no other impression. As soon as she was alone, she formed the design of going instantly in search of Lewis, pouring upon him every consolation, and by participating, lessening his troubles. "They are without bread!" cried she, in anguish: "they have sold all their goods, to pay their debts! I will go and share with him every thing I have." In a disordered state of mind, she opened the pantry, took up some remains of veal and bread, and went out, totally unreflecting on the propriety or impropriety of the proceeding, and not less so, on the rupture that still subsisted between herself and the younger Burckard. She hastened to the house of her lover's father; entered, without formality, the

room in which the family was assembled, and threw herself into the arms of Lewis. He, not less agitated, equally forgot every disagreeable circumstance that had passed between them, and received her with the most sincere and tender caresses.

“My dear child,” said Mr. Burckard, “I am delighted that you have not ceased to remember us: we had no expectation of this kind visit. You will do us the honour to sup with us?”

These words brought to Rose’s recollection, that she was laden with provisions; and she felt ashamed of her excessive simplicity. She yielded, nevertheless, to the invitations made her to be seated, and endeavoured to conceal the largeness of her pockets.

“My child,” said Mr. Burckard,
“you

"you seem to have some heavy articles in your pockets: relieve yourself; put them on the table."

This solicitation covered our heroine with a deep blush. She retired to a corner, and tried, in vain, to conceal what she drew from her pockets: the company had a glimpse of the roast-meat and bread.

"Well!" cried the grandmother, "you have furnished yourself with provisions! It should seem that you expected to sup in the fields?"

Rose's embarrassment redoubled.—The ladies took pleasure in putting other questions, to which she did not answer a word.

"I see how it is," said Mr. Burckard: "you intended this meal for some poor family?"

"Yes —" replied Rose, smiling; overjoyed that an apology had been found.

"I will venture that you thought we were that poor family: you thought that we had nothing to eat."

Rose was thrown into new confusion: "It was not for you," replied she, "that I intended these trifles." —

"Come! we must have no story! confess that you brought them for us! — You blush again? a fresh proof that I am not mistaken! — Kiss me, my sweet Rose! I shall never forget this trait! Let us sit down to supper; I will touch nothing this evening, besides your roast-meat and bread. — In my life, I shall never have ate any thing so delicious!"

Lewis pressed Rose's hand with ar-
dour,

dour, and covered it with kisses. Nothing remarkable occurred at supper, except that young Burckard would absolutely have part of the dish brought by Rose, and that this favour was granted.

All that passed, however, gave considerable dissatisfaction to the grandmother. She wished Rose any where but there. Finding that she did not talk of departing, she said, with a little peevishness, "Madam, does your aunt know that you are here?"

"O dear, no!" replied Rose, rising; "I must go; she will be very uneasy."

"Stay, stay," said Mr. Burckard; it is not late yet; I will send word that you are with us. You have many things I will answer for it, to say to

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Lewis! It is a long while since you saw each other!"

"Alas! yes, very long! Not since the eve of the fatal day that was fixed for my marriage!"

"My children! you were upon the point of rendering yourselves very unhappy."

During the short absence of Mr. Burckard, no one uttered a word. The two mothers entertained a violent resentment against Rose and Asper; the lovers, they understood one another without speaking, and scarcely dared to look up. Their hands, joined beneath the table, were the mute and invisible interpreters of their thoughts. At first, by feeble efforts to withdraw her own, Rose expressed, that she had

not forgotten the adventures of Brunswick and of Pymont, and her pretended rivals; afterward, a more tender negligence said, that she was willing to hear apologies; and, at length, Lewis pressed it so closely, that she pressed Lewis in return, and thus told him that all was forgiven. The two lovers, then, were tasting the most exquisite pleasure of their lives, when Mr. Burckard returned, accompanied by Mrs. Seeburg. It was now necessary to separate, and obedience to this necessity was very disagreeable to Rose. But the skies had not yet exhausted all their rage upon this charming couple. When Miss Kellner confided to Mrs. Seeburg the renewal of her affection for Lewis, her aunt treated her as silly and capricious. She represented

to her, besides, what madness it would be to unite herself with Lewis, in his present circumstances : " Your father," said she, " is not rich ; you have no other fortune in the world to hope for, than the small sum you are to inherit from me ; and will you, with these dismal prospects, think of marrying this young man ?"

Rose was by no means persuaded by this discourse ; and Lewis still less so by the observations of his father. The young people, however, were not at all separated. They met when they pleased ; and it was in one of their impassioned conversations, that they reciprocally opened the suspicions which had been nursed in their minds by unlucky events. Thus, they learned, to their infinite satisfaction, that each was
 worthy

worthy of the other; and they promised to use every means to undeceive their respective relations.

The moment approached, when Mr. Burckard's estate was to be sold. Nothing was left to the worthy family, besides a small property, in ready money. This, employed to the best advantage, would be sufficient to maintain the father, his wife, and his mother-in-law. In consequence of numerous efforts, Lewis obtained a place of four hundred crowns a-year, which required his residence at Bremen. He regarded this sum as an immense income; and repaired, in triumph, to Mrs. Seeburg, to inform her of his good fortune. "I shall now be able," said he, embracing Rose, "to provide for her, and my little

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family,

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family, should Heaven please to grant us one.—O, madam, no longer defer a union upon which depends my happiness, and my life!”

Mrs. Seeburg could not prevent herself from laughing at the enthusiasm with which our hero spoke of his four hundred crowns, and of all the plans he had laid, that nothing should be wanting for Rose. She succeeded, at length, in demonstrating to him, that, upon calculation, this trifling sum would scarcely suffice for her lodging and nourishment. Rose wept; and, in her turn, made another calculation, by dint of which she found a superfluity, after allowing for all expenses, strictly necessary. Mrs. Seeburg proved, beyond reply, that the theory was false, because

many

many essential articles were not brought into the account, as furniture, house-rent, and fuel.

The lovers persisted in their desire to marry. Their friends always argued for delay: the true reason was, Mr. Burckard, on his side, wished previously to finish the sale of his estate, and Mrs. Seeburg, on hers, ruminated on the means of portioning her niece in a suitable manner; meanwhile, lest the impatience of the young people should force them into precipitate measures, they carefully concealed their designs. Day by day their importunities were repeated, and marriage, at all events, required. Lewis observed that, at Bremen, he should very soon obtain an insight into commercial matters. He promised himself a rapid advancement,

and expected to deserve, a post of consul of commerce at the least. One day, vexed to the last degree, he said to Mrs. Seeburg, in a tone that betrayed his ill-humour, "Very well, madam! if you do not consent to our marriage, we will unite ourselves secretly."

"Do as you will," returned Mrs. Seeburg, in a manner somewhat caustic.

They were then at table. After dinner, Lewis led Rose into the garden: "We have already," said he, "been the victims of the caprices of your aunt; let us resolve to be so no more. Come, let us find the minister of the parish. He is a good kind of man: he will marry us."

Miss Kellner had a thousand objections, which Lewis very easily overcame: he drew her to the minister.

"Sir," said he, "will you have the goodness to marry us?"

The minister, a little surprized, asked him whether he had his father's consent?

"I should not have come," replied our hero, "if my father did not consent."

"Your father," returned the minister, "is a wag! He seems to wish that your marriage should be celebrated with the same celerity as was his own with my lady, your mother. He is an inveterate foe to ceremony. I will marry you, nevertheless, since you require it!"

The ceremony was not longer than that used at the marriage of Mr. Burckard, senior.

Rose trembled, like the quivering leaf of the aspen. Lewis took a certificate
of

of his marriage, and returned in tranquillity, with his wife, toward Mrs. Seeburg's. On the way, Rose began to meditate on the levity of their proceedings, and would have given all the world that he had not stepped so far. She begged her husband not to reveal their marriage that evening, that she might have time to consider the manner in which she should commence the discovery to her aunt.

Young Burkard did not consent to this but with extreme repugnance. Besides the restraint which their silence must throw around them, there was, in his estimation, another inconvenience: — it obliged to forego, for that day, the dear prerogatives of a husband. This idea wounded him to the heart; yet, the amiable docility of Rose, who had

had consented to their marriage, demanded a sacrifice in return. He made her the promise required; but, with a formal assurance, that he would, the next day, publicly proclaim their union.

During the whole evening, Mrs. Seeburg, and Mr. Burckard's family, were extremely surprized, at the modest silence which the young people preserved. They took every occasion to provoke a mention of their marriage; but, though several were presented, none was seized. Their caution was taken for sullenness; and the conclusion was drawn, that some new altercation between them had occurred.

The company, not altogether, as will be guessed, to the perfect satisfaction of Lewis, separated at an early hour. Scarcely had Rose wished her aunt
good

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good night, and retired to her chamber, when Muller and Mary arrived.

"What! so late?" said Mrs. Seeburg.

"How!" replied Muller, "is your company already retired? Truly, madam, we have some complaints to make, seeing that Mr. Burckard has not invited us on so joyous an occasion."

Mrs. Seeburg opened her eyes.

"Pray where, then, are the new married couple?" said Mary.

This question increased the aunt's embarrassment: "I do not understand you," replied she.

"We came," continued Muller, "to offer our compliments to Rose and young Burckard."—

"And for what?"

"On occasion of their marriage."—

"And

"And is it for this that you come so late?"

"We could have wished to have come sooner; but we were not invited to the wedding."

"The wedding!" replied Mrs. Seeburg; "that is yet far off."

"They were married to-day: the minister told me so."

This assertion was a beam of light to Mrs. Seeburg's eyes: she recollected the reserved behaviour of Rose and her lover, and no longer doubted that they were secretly united. To clear the matter up, she caused Rose to be called, who, half undressed, was obliged to re-equip herself in some haste.

"Niece," said Mrs. Seeburg, "I have heard a strange report."

Rose staggered and turned pale.

"Are

"Are you married? Do not consider for a falsehood. Mr. Muller has informed me of it."

Our heroine, now perceiving Muller and Mary in a corner of the room, fled, with more precipitation than she had come.

Muller read in her aunt's looks that she was displeased. He interceded in favour of the lovers; but it was not necessary that he should employ any elaborate arts of oratory. Mrs. Seaburg, recovered from the momentary confusion which the unexpected news had occasioned, saw nothing more in the affair, than a feature in young Burckard's character: "Still they deserve," said she, "that their levity should be punished; and I intend to divert myself at their expense to-morrow." say nothing,

nothing, I beseech you, of what you know of this secret."

The next day, Mrs. Seeburg behaved to Rose with more than usual tenderness: "My poor child," said she, "they had slandered you. Bad-hearted people had persuaded Muller that you was married to that libertine, Lewis. I should not forgive you as long as I live, if such an event were to happen: but I have just had assurance, from young Burckard himself, that the story is untrue. He, indeed, is gone this very day to Bremen, in order to take possession of his place; and, as he was obliged to set off early, he commissioned me to give you his adieu." "Is it possible?" cried Rose. "He must be a monster, an infamous man!" "O dear!!! replied her aunt, "after all

all the tricks he has played you, I see nothing surprizing in this."

Young Mrs. Burckard (for it is thus that, in future, we must name her) burst into tears; and struggled with her sobs and sighs. Happily, her good aunt did not wish that she should suffer this punishment long. On the contrary, she had taken every measure to hasten the catastrophe of the scene. She had sent a pressing invitation to Lewis, urging him to come instantly. When he arrived, she was informed, by a signal previously agreed on with her servant.

"This is not all," continued Mrs. Seeburg, addressing herself to R6se, "I mean to present you, this morning, with a husband; a man worthy, in every respect, to receive your heart and your hand."

Rose,

Rose, overcome with alarm, hid her face in her shawl.

Mrs. Seeburg, still maintaining her countenance, went to receive Lewis, and brought him to her niece. Our hero threw himself at the feet of his wife; and her agreeable surprise, at seeing her aunt's behaviour a jest, may be conceived. Lewis loaded Rose with caresses. Her aunt appeared offended, and rebuked him for the impropriety of his behaviour: "It is useless to conceal it any longer," cried he, with warmth, "I am Rose's husband."

"Is that true?" said Mrs. Seeburg, with affected anger.

By way of reply, Lewis showed her the certificate of his marriage. She had resolved to wear the mask of displeasure, and, during a little time, to afflict
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the feelings of bride and bridegroom ; but Lewis' coolness so disconcerted her, that she could not help laughing :—

“ Well, well,” said she, “ it is carrying your punishment too far : I am informed of all. Be her husband ; and may you both escape, now that you are married, those perplexities that have tormented you, while lovers ! I foresee, however, that we shall have to appease the resentment of Mr. Burckard and your mothers, as well as of the rector, Kellner. They will not easily pardon you for having married without consulting them.”

“ I am at ease,” replied Lewis, “ with respect to my father : it was to him that I intended to have broached the secret first. I should have told him already, had he not been gone to town,

town, to finish the sale of his estate."

Mrs. Seeburg made the young couple breakfast with her; and, toward noon, they went to Mr. Burckard's. This gentleman was returned: "Good news," said he, to Lewis; "my estate has sold for more than I could have hoped. At the moment in which it was about to be knocked down, there suddenly entered a new bidder, who, induced, by I cannot tell what motive, offered a third more than any of the rest. No one would exceed his price; and he is the possessor of my land,"—

Mrs. Walkers, and Mr. Burckard's wife, could not help expressing their sorrow.

"I am ignorant," continued Mr. Burckard, "of the actual name of the stranger; but he will be here this evening,

ing, to complete the purchase. What astonished me most is, that he resolved upon the bargain after seeing the draught of the house alone, without visiting the place: it must be some ancient property of his family, which he makes a point of recovering."

"I wish you joy of this circumstance," said Mrs. Seeburg; "but I, also, have news to give you: there was a marriage here, yesterday."

"So much the better! and who was married, pray?"

"Your son was married to my niece."

"And you have suffered it!" cried Mrs. Walkers. "Good God! what principles my son-in-law has inculcated on his boy! I am doomed never to see a wedding or a christening in my family!"

"But

"But they did not ask my consent," replied Mrs. Seeburg, "any more than yours."

"Pardon me, madam," interrupted Lewis; "you gave us permission to do as we would, and we did so."

This observation drew a laugh from all the company. Mr. Burckard, as will be imagined, easily pardoned the young people. "I am only sorry," said he, "that we have not had a wedding; but we will have it to-morrow, for fear of displeasing my mother; and remember, my children, that, in nine months, we shall expect a christening which you must solemnize duly, out of regard to your good grandmother."

The rector, Kellner, was invited to dinner. The rest of the party feared

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that he would have been angry; but they were agreeably disappointed: he said that nothing was more usual among the Spartans, than this sort of marriage.

In the evening, the new purchaser appeared; and with what joy did not Lewis discover in him the venerable Berghorn! Each was transported at this meeting: "My son," said the old man, "immediately after your departure, Sellhoff married miss Reimann; and, then, avowed to me his ungrateful behaviour to you. On the other hand, I learned the misfortune that had fallen upon your father, and that he was about to dispose of his estate. I took post immediately, and arrived soon enough to make atonement for my errors, my injurious suspicions. I have promised

you,

you, Lewis, my whole fortune: here is the instrument in a legal form. You are in your own house."

The pleasure that this happy incident added to a day already cheerful, need not be described. Lewis had learned to think himself not at home; and he now fancied that he had acquired a new habitation. Towards the close of day, Lewis and Rose withdrew from the company. They went into the garden, where they enjoyed the delicious gale of the evening. The sight of the spot which had been the scene of their childhood's pleasures, imparted ecstasy to their souls. They wandered amid the flowers, and through the winding alleys: "Catch me," said Rose, running towards Lewis; and she was caught.

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The next day, a festive solemnization recompensed Mrs. Walker for the precipitancy of her grandson; and, if any thing were wanting to her satisfaction, it was granted her in the sight of two christenings, during the next two years. When she paid the last demand of nature, her children closed her eyes.

As for Rose and Lewis, they lived long, for the happiness of each other, and cultivated an intimacy with Sellhoff. He sought, in their society, consolations for domestic sorrows; and, as he surveyed the felicity enjoyed by Muller and Mary, bitterly lamented having lost, through his own fault, a similar life of satisfaction.

THE END.



